

B957

The Fighting Bishop

THOS. B. ROBERTON

Cover & Jacket by
Alan B. Beddoe



PRESENTED BY

Anonymous

1967

THE FIGHTING BISHOP
AND OTHER ESSAYS

The Thunder Bird



A Mark of Canadian Quality

The Fighting Bishop

JOHN STRACHAN—*The First Bishop of Toronto*

And Other Essays in His Times 1 1 1

BY
THOMAS B. ROBERTON



OTTAWA
THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHERS LIMITED
1926

THE FRASER-HICKSON INSTITUTE, MONTREAL

Copyright, 1926
By Thomas B. Robertson

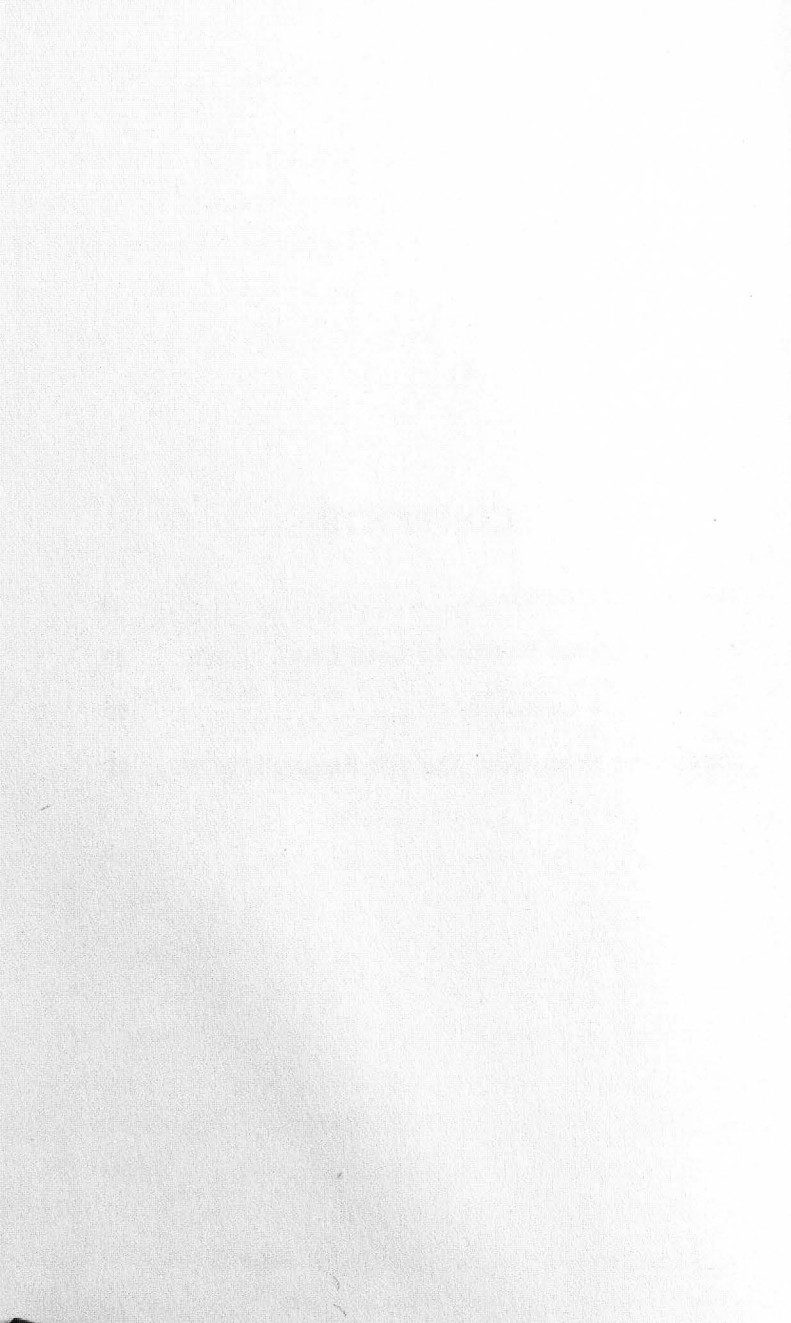
M

PRODUCED ENTIRELY IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Of the four following essays, the first three are reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of the MANITOBA FREE PRESS. The article on Sir Francis Bond Head is now printed for the first time

CONTENTS

THE FIGHTING BISHOP.....	11
THE REMARKABLE BATTLE ON LAKE ERIE.....	69
THE FIGHT AT CHATEAUGUAY.....	79
SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD AND THE REBELLION OF '37	91



THE FIGHTING BISHOP

*Being the career of John Strachan, who
arrived in Canada a poor lad and be-
came a power in the land and first
Bishop of Toronto*

THE FRASER-HICKSON INSTITUTE, MONTREAL

THE FIGHTING BISHOP



JOHAN STRACHAN, the first Bishop of Toronto, is one of the most commanding figures in Canadian history between the years 1815 and 1853. He was a strongly-marked character. This is a familiar complimentary term frequently used to describe outstanding men who had a great natural capacity for perpetuating large and serious social disturbances. For such enterprise Strachan was amply dowered. He could be ruthless; he had a surprising gift for perverting the truth; and he abhorred compromise. Everything he grasped he seized and clung to with a tenacity that maddened his adversaries; and he did not die until he had entered his ninetieth year.

Strachan for a time actually directed the destinies of Upper Canada. Public education, the religious endowments, the public lands, the revenues, the executive government—the apparatus which controlled the fortunes and progress of the colony was manipulated by a small and exclusive group of patriotic gentlemen appointed by the Crown very largely, or solely, on one another's recommendation;

and in the centre of this agreeable conclave, fully convinced of its propriety, of its divine ordination, indeed, was Strachan. The business of overcoming him and the compact of privileged interest he controlled gives his period a special charm; and it is all complete and finished and in its frame in the great gallery of Canadian history where it can be observed and studied at leisure.

Strachan drew out a host of enemies. A galaxy of opposition talent—"reformers," "dissenters," and rebels, appeared against him. There were continuous futile explosions of anger in the futile parliamentary assembly; which, however, acquired a potency as time went on. Shiploads of petitions, memorials of protest, resolves, despatches, penned in the best somnolent rhetoric and formal official style of a hundred years ago, and of exhausting length, were ferried industriously back and forth across the tossing salt Atlantic—fulminations against the government by the reformers: fulminations against the reformers by the government. Pieces of stout penmanship full of passion, cold enough now. Finally, there was a rebellion; and it was felt in the highest quarters that something must be done; there would have to be a change.

At the end the Bishop had to suffer a total loss. He saw his policies discarded, his projects ruined, his privileges extinguished, his ambitions frustrated.

Yet he lived on after all this for thirteen years, leading a strenuous and attractive diocesan life, and died, a great national figure, respected by all, and was buried with the regal pomp appropriate to the funeral of a great ecclesiastic.

He has only been dead fifty-nine years, but the idea to which he devoted his powerful and unscrupulous mind had been buried some two hundred years earlier by Cromwell's Ironsides. Strachan was a survival: he spent his strength trying to thrust back the hands of time; trying to resuscitate the doctrine of divine right and make it work. But it would not work. He could dam up the flood of remonstrance and rebellion, but not dissipate it, and it finally swept his world away and left him, a remarkable, picturesque survivor on his episcopal niche, to contemplate the triumph of men he had persecuted, and to reflect on the success of policies and ideas he detested.

It would be wrong to consider such an ending a tragedy. Strachan was too toughly constructed to break down to anything less potent than death. There is nothing in the story to surprise a sob of pity from the most sentimental observer. The Bishop was a tough, hard man from the beginning, and he exacted a personal triumph for himself at the end of his life after all his schemes had gone down the wind. Even to-day he is mentioned with

that peculiar respect which is accorded to the greater predatory animals; his abilities are admitted; his services to Canada—but it is here that Strachan's story begins.

I.

STRACHAN arrived in Canada in December, 1799. He was twenty-one: a Scotsman from Aberdeen. His father had been overseer of some granite quarries near that polished city, and he had also been a nonjuring Episcopalian, who used to take the little John to worship in St. Paul's chapel in the Aberdeen Gallowgate. His mother was a Presbyterian. One, however, with a kindly feeling towards ritualism, because it is recorded that she used to make her children sign themselves with the sign of the cross every night before they lay down to sleep. This significant and unusual incident is dwelt upon by the Bishop's biographers. It plays an interesting part in accounting for the state of Strachan's mind and the condition of his emotions when later on he made his decision to attach himself to the Church of England in Canada.

The death of his father, resulting from an accident in the granite quarries, threw Strachan out on the world at an early age to make his way and contribute to the support of his family. He became a school teacher. He taught in sundry Scottish parish schools; he was a tutor. Some of those early pupils

achieved notability; became historic characters—Wilkie, the Scottish painter, was one. Robert Barclay was another. This was the Robert Barclay, “wounded eight times in His Majesty’s service,” who lost the fatal battle on Lake Erie, in 1813, fighting like a lion against his better equipped opponent; Captain Robert Barclay, right arm shot away in His Majesty’s service; one of Nelson’s captains at Trafalgar; he also was a pupil of Strachan’s in those early days of Scottish tutoring.

Strachan was industrious, and he had a gift for making influential friends. He was evidently regarded by the right people as a promising young man, and, nothing loath, was headed for the pulpit—the Presbyterian pulpit. But fortunately before he had committed himself to the Presbyterian church the great opportunity arrived which was to influence him so profoundly, and so many other people as well. He was offered, and accepted, a situation as schoolmaster in Canada.

It is typical of Strachan that the conditions upon which he came to Canada are not clearly known. Did he come lured on by Governor Simcoe’s ambitious aspirations for Canadian education and the erection of a university of which the young Scotsman was to be the first head master? The immediate salary, however, being eighty pounds sterling a year “with free board and lodging; and all expenses of the journey to be provided.” Or, with

no such bright prospect to dazzle his imagination, did he leave Scotland to become simply tutor to the children of the Cartwrights, Hamiltons, Stuarts, and a few other wealthy families in the Kingston district of what was then Upper Canada? Did he arrive on that bleak December day as an ambitious Scottish youth with his way to make by such strength as he had; or did he arrive as the potential head of a great Canadian scholastic establishment which was in due time to be brought forth? Strachan, himself, leaned to the latter opinion; indeed, it was he who first expressed it; but there is the opposite view, that he was engaged and came out as a private tutor and nothing more, and this, while much less impressive or important, seems to have the merit of being true.

His first impressions of Canada sickened him. The month was December. He had made a tedious exhausting sea voyage, succeeded by a hard, long journey from New York to Kingston. This was a hundred and twenty-five years ago. Kingston was a few scattered houses. Ocean travel was appalling. There were no railways. Strachan had been on the way more than four months. The country looked bleak and desolate. Everything was "enveloped in snow." He was bitterly disappointed; his illusions, if he had ever nursed any, vanished; his courage failed him. This was terrible. Scotland was far remote beyond the wild seas and

tangled roadless forests; what could even the most pushing, careful young man do here? Strachan stood in the snow and looked miserably at the frozen shanties of Kingston and his courage oozed away. "I was so beat down that, if I had been in possession of twenty pounds, I should have returned at once; but in truth I had not twenty shillings." He had not twenty shillings. This was the determining fact in his career, and also in the career of Upper Canada during the next half century. Much—although no one could have guessed it at that moment—was to emerge because John Strachan had not twenty pounds to take him home again. Yet any Kingston citizen seeing him standing glooming and louring at the dull winter weather, might reasonably have felt sympathy for the lonely youth. However. His sixpences were scarce. He had to stay. As he put it himself in later years, he was "obliged to make the best of it." And so he began. He entered the family of Mr. Richard Cartwright as a private schoolmaster.

II.

STRACHAN'S methods as a schoolmaster were very successful. They made an excellent impression on the parents of his pupils, who soon began to regard the young man with approval and favor; and they made impressions on the pupils themselves which were of lifelong duration.

The proceedings in his school went forward with precision and rigor. The boys were not coddled; they were made to realize deeply that education was a serious business, and that they had better master it with all possible celerity. Strachan was an autocrat who despised the weak inducements of compromise fitted only for feeble natures. It was his purpose to make men of his scholars, and he nourished them on his own iron principles and ruled them with a rod of the same metal. He was preparing the lads for a battle, hardening their physical and moral sensibilities, sharpening their intelligences, and driving sentimental nonsense out of their heads. "He sought to develop among his pupils a spirit of emulation and competition rather than a helpful co-operation." The child who did not respond with sufficient promptitude, had his emulation aroused,

for example, by being made to stand as an object of ridicule, at one of the posts at the school gate, with his jacket inside out, "or he might be seen there in a kneeling posture for a number of minutes, or standing with arm extended, holding a book." When these stimuli to emulation and competition failed to spur the laggard, Strachan gave him "a sound thrashing." On Mondays he girded himself and administered wholesale floggings; there were frightening scenes; a "relentless lash" and "writhing victims," who might surely be now expected to be filled with a strong competitive spirit of emulation to avoid going through such an experience again.

This striking vigor, his zest, his interest in their personal affairs, his habit of entering into their games, gained him that strong, subtle and permanent influence over his scholars which rests primarily on fear. No boy ever dreamed even in his most familiar passages with his master, of "taking liberties with him." The usual stories are told. How, when he was archdeacon of Toronto, in middle life, he presided over a dinner of his "old boys," and when the company was ready to sit down, "his voice was heard in the old familiar tone of authoritative command—"Boys, take your places"; and the behest was obeyed as though by instinct. The injunction seemed to come as naturally from those lips in the summer of 1833 as it would have done

in the days when no one would have ventured to question its authority."

To bring out his rugged qualities and vigorous habits it is further related that as Bishop of Toronto, "when he was well over seventy years of age, he scoured the province in a wagon on his episcopal visitations, and when the wagon stuck in the mud, alarmed his chaplain by rolling his vestments up into a bundle and tramping with them under his arm. To the end of his life he always carried about bright sixpences in his pockets to give small boys who were bold enough to stand their ground when he advanced upon them swinging his stick threateningly and whistling (as he often did, even in church) a Scottish air."

Strachan, then, became established as a successful and popular schoolmaster, and in a thinly-settled country with very few schools, he attracted pupils from the wealthiest and most important families. Thus the personality and ideals and policies he stamped into the young minds placed under his care had future consequences of great importance. Strachan was actually training the future leaders of the country. John Beverley Robinson, the most brilliant and polished exponent of Strachan's political theory, was one of his pupils. And Robert Baldwin, the most brilliant and respected exponent of the political theory which was finally to drive Strachan out of public life, was

another. These young men, entering on a political career found their old schoolmaster the master mind of the government: they might have escaped from the discipline of the schoolroom, and from the "relentless lash," but they had not escaped Strachan's influence.

It soon became apparent to Mr. Cartwright, a shrewd man, that the young schoolmaster possessed vigor of mind and character of no ordinary sort; and it soon became clear to Strachan that this new country, which, on first view, had inspired only thoughts of flight, contained opportunities which might yield to his peculiar gifts. Strachan was not troubled by the academic promptings of scholarship; his mind was too intolerant and narrow to be satisfied with the refined and preoccupying spiritual rewards of learning; he looked on his school as an avenue to power, and when it was suggested that his sphere might be enlarged he was ready to listen.

The proposal was made that he might enter the church, and there was a great deal in such a proposal to appeal to him, only, it was the Church of England which beckoned, and he had been reared in the Presbyterian faith. It was really very unfortunate, almost indeed, embarrassing. He was in a country where Presbyterian doctrine "was not much in demand," "while the Church of England, on the contrary, had good prizes in possession, and splendid ones in remainder." What was to be

done? Or rather, what was to be said, because an explanation seemed to be necessary.

It is at this juncture that the sympathetic biographer remembers Strachan's juvenile connection with the Anglicans. Had not his father, on frequent Sundays, taken him by the hand to St. Paul's English church in the Gallowgate of Aberdeen? And although his mother was a Presbyterian, was she not a tolerant one? Had she not taught him to make the sign of the cross at bedtime? Furthermore, he had never been finally committed to Presbyterianism, even though he had been moving toward one of its pulpits. All this, especially the inducements—present and prospective—offered by the English church, was surely enough to satisfy even the most scrupulous as to the suitability, and rectitude of the step. At any rate, and what was of most importance, it was enough to satisfy Strachan. He was ordained a deacon by Bishop Mountain in 1803; "a year later he was admitted to the priesthood, and was immediately afterwards appointed to the mission of Cornwall."

His sphere had been enlarged; but the process of enlargement had only commenced.

III.

THE years between 1803 and 1816 were important years for Strachan. He came into his strength; his ideas matured and took definite form; he gained entrance to the avenues which led to the highest positions in the colony; he became a prominent man; his abilities were commanding the most profitable recognition.

He had made a friend of Mr. Cartwright (grandfather of Sir Richard Cartwright), a man of eminence, a lawyer; a judge; he had been one of Governor Simcoe's legislative counsellors—in every sense one of the fathers of the colony, and he was also a devoted and devout member of the Church of England. Strachan at first thought him "reserved and distant," but this feeling was soon dispelled, and it was under Cartwright's patronage that he had been enabled to begin his career as a schoolmaster.

But simply as a schoolmaster he would not have gone far; something else was necessary. Success as a schoolmaster could only be found through the church. Education in the colony was a concern of the government, and the kind of education favored

by the government was that which was then in vogue in the English public schools. There the school was presided over by a master who had taken holy orders, and the theory of scholarship aimed at turning out high-principled young gentlemen who were, essentially, loyal to His Gracious Majesty the King: the other items in the curriculum being subsidiary adjuncts to this fundamental and laudable idea.

Thus the connection between the schools and the Church of England becomes apparent; because the Church of England was, in the opinion of its members in Upper Canada, the Established Church of the Province; and as its membership included the successive lieutenant-governors, and the most influential members of his council, the grounds upon which the episcopacy based its claims for establishment were generally considered to be ample and solid. Therefore, when Strachan became an Episcopal priest he was able to expand his educational projects in a friendly and favorable atmosphere, and work out his plans assured of the warm support of the most helpful people in the province—the people who had political influence; who controlled the revenues, and distributed the patronage and the places.

Once he was well within this wider sphere of influence, the future must have seemed about all that an ambitious man could desire; he was acquir-

ing a wide reputation as a successful schoolmaster; his school in Cornwall was celebrated as one of the best in the colony; he was gaining steadily in ascendancy as a public personality, and as a zealous and energetic parish priest.

These were the years of his apprenticeship to public affairs; he had married—happily and well; he was on intimate terms with the governors; with men like Sir Isaac Brock, and Francis Gore; and he was in pleasant financial circumstances. He was so situated when the War of 1812 broke out, and he was then urged by both Gore and Brock to translate himself from Cornwall to York, where, it was felt, he would be a powerful influence for steadiness and loyalty; he was to go as master of the York school, and priest of the charge. The proposal, however, perplexed him. He was really very well off in his “prosperous school and comfortable parsonage at Cornwall,” and he hesitated to take the step. “An additional inducement was held out in the shape of the chaplaincy of the troops, to which was attached a salary of £150 a year.” It was an inducement he could appreciate. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and putting his family and all his household furniture on an open boat sailed to Kingston. At Kingston they were transferred to a ship and set sail for York; it was a disquieting passage. Hostilities were in progress and Strachan’s captain, a timorous navigator, dreaded seizure and capture by

the Americans, whose flotillas were at large on Lake Ontario. There is a story of how a sail was sighted bearing down on them; the poor captain, in a tremble, goes off and cowers in the cabin while Strachan, full of courage, takes command and prepares to fight to the death. The approaching vessel, however, turned out to be an English warship, and the captain came up from his cabin and they reached York without interruption. But they had not been long in York when the fullest resonance was struck out of Strachan's metal.

The Americans, under General Dearborn, captured York, and committed excesses. The invaders strutted about intimidating, alarming, and even robbing the citizens; there was looting. Two Americans stole and made off with a silver teapot, some plate, etc., and the terrorized but indignant owner, loath to see his valuables disappear in Yankee haversacks, screamed in agony, and his anguish reached Strachan's ears. When he learned the facts his anger was extreme, and he bore down violently on the robbers and demanded restitution of the teapot and plate. One of the soldiers threatened to shoot him. Strachan was exploding with fury. The matter was settled by the arrival of an American officer, who ordered the restoration of the stolen articles, which Strachan bore off in angry triumph.

But soon after this a far more serious incident occurred.

One story has it that a young American general named Pike was killed by the explosion of the local arsenal, and Dearborn, placing responsibility for the explosion on the citizens of York, declared that as a reprisal he would burn down the whole town. When this important news was brought to Strachan he went at once to the general, and, explaining that it was absurd to imagine the townspeople were responsible, said he trusted the report that the town was in danger was a false and mischievous rumor.

Dearborn replied with heat that it was no rumor. The accursed place should burn. "The town shall smoke for it."

"Burn? Would it?" Strachan burst out on him with biblical and profane threats and maledictions so candid and ferocious that the American was astounded. There was a terrific scene; Strachan's hard face red with rage, his "rasping, strident" voice pouring out a torrent of denunciation in a broad Scots Doric: defying and threatening with earthly and heavenly penalties this abominable invader, who polluted His Majesty's sacred soil every time he stepped on it, if he persisted in carrying out his diabolical threat. Dearborn withered in the blast and there was no wholesale burning of the town.

The war produced no bolder man in Canada than the reverend doctor, and when Mr. Jefferson, the American president, complained about the

destruction of Washington by the British army, Strachan retorted with a polemical counterblast which sunk the unfortunate Jefferson, a battered wreck, amidst the battered wreckage of his complaints. Strachan emerged from the conflict like a triumphant and snorting war-horse reinvigorated by the fumes of the gunpowder. At the end of the war, on the nomination of the lieutenant-governor, he was appointed to the executive council. He had arrived.

IV.

STRACHAN entered the executive council on the nomination of Francis Gore, lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, and a loyal, solid Tory, whose pet abomination was democracy: he loathed the very word. Gore had succeeded Governor Simcoe, also a gentleman of the most unflinching Tory principles, and between them, Simcoe and Gore did well for the Tory tradition in their interpretation of the constitution which Pitt had given the province on its creation in 1791.

Strachan took his seat on the council, which was composed of a varying number of gentlemen, half-a-dozen or so, whose duty and privilege it was to advise the governor in the performance of his executive duties: that is to say, they volunteered, or could be drawn on, for advice when an appointment was to be made, a place filled, a bill considered, a pension granted, a lease given, or any other piece of public business was to be decided. The executive councillors did not consider themselves responsible to the legislative assembly; they existed solely to lighten the burden of administration which rested on the governor's shoulders; and

as burden-bearers they were both efficient and dexterous. When Strachan joined the council the lieutenant-governor gained an assistant who before very long had practically relieved him from the entire fatigue attaching to the office. Strachan himself refers to what happened and admits that "a large share of the business of the upper house falls on my shoulders, and, of course, there is not a little responsibility with it."

It was a novel and delightful position, both impressive and profitable. There was the assembly, of course, elected at the polls, and, if it did nothing else, embodying the splendid tradition of British representative institutions. Above the assembly was the legislative council, a body appointed by the Crown largely on the advice of the governor. In those halcyon days the council represented the pure undiluted essence of the Tory doctrine, untainted by a trace of the repulsive democratic principle of responsible government. The executive council, the governor's own private oracle, was still more remote from the rude influence of public opinion, its duties were so mysterious and elusive that no one knew just what they were; and no one knew just what went on in that secret, learned, and venerable circle. But the general effect was that hasty, impetuous, or radical legislation passed by the assembly, could be destroyed with appropriate dignity by the legislative council and the executive.

Thus when the assembly, as it began to do, passed bills giving itself a voice in the control of revenues, patronage and so forth, the council quietly strangled the measures by suitable amendments, and returned them—dead—to the troublesome lower house.

The assembly, it was felt with some irritation, should have known that the governor and his council attended to the more sordid details of provincial business, whatever the personal sacrifice, because they were convinced that this was their sacred duty. Indeed, perusing despatches sent by such a governor as Sir Francis Bond Head to Lord Glenelg, despatches which, clearly, were inspired, if not actually written by Strachan's friends, it seems that the very pillars of the Empire depended for their solidity on the commons of Upper Canada being excluded from participation in the executive. This was how the constitution had been interpreted by Simcoe and Gore; and Strachan brought to the support and defence of this interpretation all the unique force and ruthlessness of his uncompromising character. Upon his entrance to the executive council the doctrine of non-responsibility received a copious injection of fresh strength; and Strachan was recognized as the new champion of the pure Tory doctrine. At the threat of democratic invasion the reverend councillor broke out in tirades of furious Doric that intimidated his enemies and embarrassed his friends.

"The law! The law!" he bellowed furiously when the reformer, Barnabas Bidwell, was elected to the assembly in 1821—"never mind the law. Toorn him oot! Toorn him oot," and Bidwell, accordingly, was ejected. His friends apologize for this vigor of expression, but there were no apologies in Strachan; if he were abusive it was intentionally and in defense of privileges which placed in his hands, or in the hands of men whom he heavily influenced, the resources and administration of the colony. Criticism rolled off him, and he boasted that he had "very good nerves." Not even calumny could disturb him. "I permitted them to rail on," he says of his critics, "and lost neither sleep nor appetite, and maintained an invariable silence." The poor quarryman's son who had wished for twenty pounds and his native Scotland in wintry Kingston on that bleak day long ago, had become the most powerful man in Upper Canada. "Dr. Strachan and Justice Powell," wrote Archbishop McDonnell ruefully, "governed the province between them till they fell out," and Powell retired into the background.

It was a species of government, however, which could not continue very long without producing remarkable effects. Strachan might frighten school-boys into submission; but grown men were not going to go off into obscure corners and stand, figures of ridicule, with their coats inside out, while he and his friends divided up the substance of the

province among themselves. Men who objected to this, might, in Strachan's opinion, be misguided, or revolutionaries, or even rank traitors—he was perfectly convinced they were this last—in challenging the functions of the executive, but there they were, and growing more clamorous every year; becoming, indeed, a genuine menace to the Tory regime.

Strachan proceeded to deal with some of them in his own natural style; the strings of justice were manipulated underneath the surface, and his enemies were crushed and ruined. The destruction of Robert Gourlay is a typical example; the pernicious assault on Lord Selkirk is another. Gourlay was driven insane and Selkirk's heart was broken. Let them, it might be hoped, serve as a warning to others.

But the cases of Gourlay and Selkirk merely point to the issues and prizes which were at stake; these were too vast for any man or group to control and monopolize, and Strachan's excellent intelligence displayed its irredeemable Tory quality in failing to present him with this simple and obvious truth. He refused to yield up spoils he should have had insight enough to know he could never hope to hold; and while opposition might be crushed for a time, the people could never be persuaded that it had been arranged in heaven that a self-chosen clique should rule at their own discretion. It was the inability to see this that helped so greatly and for

so long to keep the province in a continual turmoil of discontent and political distraction.

V.

STRACHAN entered the executive council, and, awaiting him, he found the mission which was to call out all his energies, tax them for thirty years, and baffle him at the end. This was the land grants to the clergy, made under the Imperial act of 1791, and known as the Clergy Reserves. There is no doubt at all that when Strachan joined the council he had his mind already made up and his policy fixed regarding the Clergy Reserves: that is to say, he regarded them as the property of his church and when he became a councillor, he seemed, at the same time, to become the official manager of this ecclesiastical estate which had been marked out in the Imperial act. The Clergy Reserves became his immediate concern, a trust, he felt, which had been left specially for him to administer and preserve inviolate for the glory and sustenance of established religion. Now that he was a confidential advisor of the lieutenant-governor, and at the very centre of the administration, his anxious concern was to guard the reserves from the avaricious attacks of claimants who set up to be rivals of the episcopacy. He settled himself as the watchdog in the gate and

kept, by his truly alarming growls, nonconformists, rival establishments, and sectaries, away from the pasture. It was a position which exposed him to assaults, but, nevertheless, one he enjoyed. One indeed, he insisted on holding long after the fences had been broken down, the reserves raided and captured, and nothing left of them but a name and a long chapter of wild political history.

What, then, were these Clergy Reserves? The answer is simple. They were lands set aside for the support of a Protestant clergy in Canada; and as Strachan viewed it—"In Upper Canada, this appropriation comprises one-seventh of the whole province": an estate, consequently, of magnitude and importance.

The question, however, was raised—Who were the Protestant clergy referred to in the act? According to Strachan, the answer to this was equally simple, the clergy envisioned in the act were the clergy of the Church of England. It was obvious, he insisted, that the intention of setting aside the reserves in the first place had been to create and support an Established church in Canada, and, by a simple and natural inference, the Church of England, being the National church, was the Established church wherever the British flag flew. And from these simple explanations it followed that the Act of 1791 had appropriated one-seventh of the

soil of the province for the establishment of the episcopacy in Upper Canada.

All this being agreed on, an even more interesting question arose—Who was to administer this vast estate? But the answer to this, assuming the accuracy of the previous definitions, was also very simple. The Clergy Reserves, naturally, would be administered by the church which they sustained, namely, the episcopacy. This would constitute a solid ecclesiastical establishment; it would constitute, in a word, a Canadian hierarchy whose foundations, rooted deep in the soil of the province, would be unshakable, and whose resources, by the ordinary passage of time, would become enormous. And this splendid estate, the greatest religious benefice in Christendom, would be controlled by the head of the episcopacy in the colony.

It was true that in 1819 the revenue from the sale of the reserves was a trifling £700; but there was the future to consider; immigrants were coming in; it was a new nation that was marking out its settlements along the shores of Lake Ontario and in the wilderness of its hinterland, and the rich possibilities contained in the Clergy Reserves shone in Strachan's eyes like a golden sun. He was convinced that only by the established supremacy of the Church of England could Upper Canada be saved from the corrupting distempers of democracy and radicalism. The Church was the

great guardian of the state; sitting on a twin throne beside the temporal power and teaching a doctrine in which religion, loyalty to His Majesty, and respect for His Majesty's governing representatives and councillors in Upper Canada, pleasingly blended together, worked out to the profit and edification of all concerned. Here, surely, was a noble idea; and as such it made its appeal to Strachan. That it did so is no wonder, because at the head of this majestic edifice, controlling its destinies, framing its policies, and handling its money, whom did he find but himself? The conception truly was magnificent, and was not exhausted even by what has already been outlined; it had another side, and one making a special appeal to a man who for so long had been a schoolmaster, and still continued to be active in that capacity.

There was the great subject of education. Had not Strachan come from Scotland in his youth to found a university? So he said. Was not education in the province interwoven with the English church in the most gratifying fashion? To conceive of educational progress apart from Church of England supervision was not only difficult, it was intolerable. This was the view properly taken by the lieutenant-governors; staunch Episcopalians; and that the episcopacy, controlling the Clergy Reserves, and dominant as the established national church, should also control the resources of educa-

tion, and manage the schools and colleges, seemed so obvious to Strachan as not to be an arguable proposition.

This, then, was the rich broad prospect presented by the Clergy Reserves, provided they were formally handed over to the "Established Church of Upper Canada," and to the task of having them so handed over, Strachan, with positively demoniac energy and persistence, devoted himself, and, as the event inevitably turned out, made the sacrifice in vain. To walk off with one-seventh of the soil of the province, even for a sacred purpose, was a proceeding which, alas, not only attracted but startled public attention, and stirred up opposition; opposition, indeed, of the most violent character.

VI.

BY 1820 Strachan could survey the prospect with satisfaction and approval. He was managing the Clergy Reserves for the exclusive benefit of the English church; he had guided the educational system of the colony into the course he had determined for it, and he, personally, was at its head. These were great achievements, but by 1826 the scene had entirely changed; the rude, insistent voice of criticism was resounding in violent protest against "religious domination" and "monopoly." These severe terms were being used to describe the situation which Strachan had so successfully fostered.

Strachan replied by reaffirming the episcopal claim; and he then proceeded naturally to denunciation. He excoriated his critics as disloyal and seditious republicans whose attack on the "national church" was merely a precursor to an assault on the very foundations of the colony itself. These "idle and incapable" dissenters had the temerity to suggest that it had never been the intention of the act of 1791 that the episcopacy should be established in Canada and given ecclesiastical dominance and

material monopoly. They were even saying that the revenues from the Clergy Reserves should be divided among all the Christian connections in the colony; that educational control should not be in the hands of the episcopacy; and they, curiously enough, resented the unflattering terms in which they found themselves described by the reverend councillor. It was decided that he could not be left unanswered, and they looked around for a suitable champion.

Strachan had singled out the Methodists for his heaviest abuse, and it was a young Methodist pastor, almost a lad, who, like a second David, marched out against the powerful churchman entrenched behind the ramparts of the government. This young man was Egerton Ryerson, a youth reared in the English church, but who had been, very early in life, the recipient of celestial intimacies, and had, in consequence, moved into the more ecstatic spiritual atmosphere of Methodism. Ryerson threw himself into the struggle against a dominant Church with all the fervor of his evangelical temperament; he was also, in other ways, admirably qualified for the encounter, lasting as it did, with certain intermissions, till 1854.

The struggle became intense. When Strachan perceived that mere slander and untruthfulness could not shake off Ryerson and his Methodists, he drew on the resources of statesmanship. He had at

his command the complete apparatus of the government; successive lieutenant-governors were his "amanuenses"; Beverley Robinson, the solicitor-general, and "the most brilliant mind" in the governing oligarchy, was his old pupil and devoted admirer. Strachan was in a position to create a powerful diversion in the ranks of the enemy and he did so by driving a wedge into Canadian Methodism. He spoke in complimentary language of the high spiritual qualities of the Methodists, who were united to the English Methodist conference. It was the other connection, the Methodists who had originated in the American conference, whom he regarded with such agitated shudders of alarmed repugnance. For his partiality, of course, there were ample and satisfactory reasons.

The English Methodists had no antipathy to the Episcopal Establishment. They were, on the contrary, distinctly favorable to the National church. Had not the two great founders of Methodism been Church of England priests? When Charles Wesley died in 1788 had not he been carried reverently to the grave by six Church of England clergymen in full canonicals? Was it not true that in the highest quarters of English Methodism "the denial of the principle of an establishment would meet with reprobation?" All this was most encouraging; there was, therefore, considerable grace among the English Methodists, and many estimable men. It

is no wonder Strachan found much to reassure him as he studied the conditions in the Methodist camp; division, of course, was the key to the situation, and by its judicious use he isolated Ryerson and Ryerson's party, and opened a cleavage in Canadian Methodism which might, if all went well, swallow Ryerson, and put an end for ever to his attack on the legality of the Church of England's claims, and his denunciations of the principle of religious domination.

Ryerson, however, was one of those conscientious men who are never happier than when answering misrepresentation and defending sacred principles, and although he was only twenty-three when he went out against Strachan, his brief career already contained some marvellous experiences. When twelve years old he became "deeply religious." "My consciousness of guilt and sinfulness was humbling, oppressive, distressing." One night, he says, in his bedroom with his brothers—

"As I looked up in my bed, the light appeared to my mind, and, as I thought, to my bodily eye also, in the form of One, white-robed, who approached the bedside with a smile, and with more of the expression of Titian's Christ than of any person whom I have seen. I turned, rose to my knees, bowed my head, and covered my face, rejoiced with trembling, saying to a brother who was lying beside me, that the Saviour was now near us. I henceforth had new views, new feelings, new joys, and new strength."

These sublime revelations induced him to "become a diligent student," and it is surely not with-

out significance, considering the part he was later to sustain, that he "took great delight in Locke on the Human Understanding, Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy, and Blackstone's Commentaries, especially the sections of the latter on the Prerogatives of the Crown, the Rights of the Subject and the Province of Parliament." It was thus a unique temperament and mind that he brought to the attack on episcopal domination: the glowing visions of the evangel reinforced by the conservative wisdom of Blackstone. Strachan's ruthless and scandalous raid into the very bosom of Methodism gave the whole issue the appearance and the fascination of a holy crusade: the questions of religious equality, rights of the subject, liberty of conscience, had all been opened and endangered by Strachan's attitude towards the Clergy Reserves. Here, then, was a mission to which a man might well devote his life. So, at least, it appeared to Ryerson.

VII.

RYERSON had to call out all his resources as the struggle went on: his Christian fortitude was sorely tried by the huge, contemptuous unveracity of the Reverend Dr. Strachan. Truth was nothing to the doctor. Ryerson quivered with moral indignation:—"these statements," he says, excitedly, referring to some of the archdeacon's complaints and charges, "are not only incorrect, but they are for the most part the reverse of the real facts to which they refer and where they are most groundless, they are the most positive." Strachan transformed facts without effort; he was only concerned about the prize, and if a paperful of unveracity would serve, there was never a lack of paper. He drove his wedge into the bosom of Methodism, and, apparently, with success. Zealous brethren besought Ryerson to reflect seriously on the course he was so impetuously pursuing.

He was asked—admitting the sincerity of his attacks on the "arrogant pretension and priestly insolence" of "certain members" of the English church—would it not be better to withdraw from the contest and leave the decision to God. "Why

not leave your cause in His hands? Why so frequently appeal to the people?" "There is a recklessness in your mode of writing which is really alarming." Providence, it was felt, would be much less alarming to deal with than Ryerson, and surely he might withdraw and have full confidence in the justice of such result as would providentially ensue.

The suggestion was a subtle one. Ryerson had been on almost personal terms with Providence for years; his trust in Providence was undoubtedly profound; but this was a special case; bewildering legal questions were involved and it was surely appropriate that Providence, who could scarcely be familiar with the intricacies of local politics in Upper Canada, should have competent advice from trustworthy sources.

At any rate, Ryerson continued his attack; he did more; he asked his advisers if they were sure that they, themselves, could bring justification from Providence for the position they were pressing on him. "Are you satisfied, that you are providentially called of God to attempt to make Methodism an agency in promoting a national establishment of religion in a new country, in the teeth of an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants?" he inquires of Dr. Alder, who makes no adequate response. Ryerson had taken delight in Locke and Paley and Blackstone; was there not a sort of Providence in that, too? Anyhow, Dr. Alder is left speechless.

Locke, Paley, Blackstone: a very stout, sagacious trio; with these to reinforce his evangelical fervor Ryerson marches on.

But the matter is really very difficult. By this time all Upper Canada is fuming and petitioning and memorializing on the subject of the Clergy Reserves and the high-handed insolence of the oligarchy. The state itself is divided on this thing; Presbyterians, Methodists, the Church of Scotland, Friends, Tunkers, sects of all manner of doctrinal peculiarity are baying the episcopacy. Besides, the wall has been breached; the Church of Scotland has established a claim, which is admitted. Strachan still stands immovable in his demand for sole episcopal control, but even in the membership of the church there are those who have accepted the principle of division. Strachan, however, has never wavered; and Strachan is in the government, or is the government; at least had been for some considerable time. These circumstances raised the Clergy Reserves to a place of supreme importance as a constitutional issue; because, no matter what Ryerson or any other man or number of men might *say*, they could *do* nothing. No matter what the parliamentary assembly of Upper Canada might legislate on this question their legislation began and ended as a mere expression of opinion. The legislative council could throw back at the assembly bills it found distasteful. The executive council

could advise the governor to make appointments, to grant money, to establish vicarages and rectories, and the governor could do so, and neither he nor his council be answerable to the assembly.

Thus so long as reformers, democrats, proponents of "responsible government," and similar tainted and unsettled men could be excluded or extruded from the executive, Strachan's oligarchy could remain unperturbed by the vulgar pertinacity of agitators like Ryerson and his seditious Methodist connection. There was an element of solace, too, in the lieutenant-governors. The governors who were being selected and sent to Upper Canada by the British colonial office are perhaps best described as being quite singularly Tory in all their ideas about colonial government, and at least six of them were fully persuaded that the extermination of the "hideous monster" Democracy, was a sacred duty which it would be unforgivable to neglect. Staunch to the King, solid Episcopalians, gentlemen born in that favored class whose peculiar privilege it was not to require intelligence, the statement that successive governors, one after the other, fell under the influence of Strachan's personality, can be received without surprise.

Ryerson, then, might petition, memorialize, protest, fulminate in newspapers, do what he liked, but Strachan, at Sir John Colborne's ear, could convince that "officer du premier ordre" of the

necessity for endowing fifty-six Church of England rectories out of the Clergy Reserves, and Sir John could authorize the endowments in spite of Ryerson, in spite of the furious, protesting assembly. Neither Colborne nor Strachan was responsible to the assembly. Ryerson, who was never more than a protesting evangelical, with a nervous dread of "reform," might have been ignored, but the calm distribution of provincial lands in utter indifference to the feelings of the assembly had the result which might have been expected even by an oligarchy. The question became part of the struggle for responsible government; these pieces of alleged piracy brought up the whole theory of the constitution for re-examination, and it was vehemently asserted that the executive government must be responsible to the assembly, and that the governor must be responsible to his executive council.

This was an attack from another angle; a more dangerous attack; it struck at the very seat of Strachan's power. The government must be kept exclusive or all would be lost. And while he was heaping odium on the Methodists and splitting them by his masterly tactics of division, he had to conduct a far more exacting campaign against a different sort of enemy who had risen against him in the assembly. Here he found himself confronted by William Lyon Mackenzie.

VIII.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE was that happiest of mortals, an energetic, agitating radical in a country governed by a dominating Tory oligarchy: truly, as Mackenzie looked over the political landscape the fields of official iniquity in Upper Canada were white for the harvest and calling loudly for the billhooks of the reformers. He projected himself into the situation with the impetuosity and intensity of an electric spark: needless to say, he enlivened the whole scene, and brought to it a brilliance which still throws a fitful light over the period.

The work to be done was vast: Mackenzie, "a tiny creature with the appearance of a madman, who raved about grievances here, and grievances there" (this is how Sir Francis Head saw him) charged Strachan's entrenchments with the wildest of battle cries and presently found himself involved in libel charges and expelled out of the assembly in a tornado of expletives mutually given and received—Strachan and his friends were—"as mean and mercenary an executive as was ever given as a punishment for the sins of any part of North Ameri-

ca"; Mackenzie was a "reptile" and a "spaniel dog." Mackenzie was hurled out; the turmoil echoed over the waters of Lake Ontario, and reverberated in the half-cleared settlements of the colony.

The country groaned under a preposterous burden of grievances, not to be borne; Mackenzie drew up a Grievance List; called in frenzy for Commissions to Inquire; bombarded the colonial secretary, Lord Goderich, with correspondence and advice; went through a marvellous and comet-like series of projections into and out of the assembly; the electors voting him in and the assembly throwing him out.

The resiliency of the man was positively disconcerting. Also, in the very highest quarters he was being listened to. Lord Goderich, in a huge despatch, dry as starch, suggested to Sir John Colborne, the lieutenant-governor, that, really, it might perhaps be just as well to consider some judicious reform of things as they were. He seemed, it was incredible, but he seemed to suggest that there was room for improvement, and he had—it was appalling—the indecency to state quite frankly that the Reverend Doctor Strachan should remove himself from the legislative council.

"I have no solicitude for retaining either the bishop or the archdeacon (Strachan) on the list of councillors, but am, on the contrary, rather predisposed to the opinion that by resigning their seats they would best consult their own personal comfort, and the success of their designs for the spiritual good of the people."

Besides all this his views about what His Majesty thought should be done with the educational grants, the electoral laws, the public accounts, were really unbelievable. And worst of all, he had actually listened to Mackenzie; had sent him letters, made appointments.

Strachan and the oligarchy chewed their goose-quills with rage, and Beverley Robinson, now Speaker of the legislative council, penned a retort to Goderich chilly enough to have frozen that unfortunate nobleman's blood. But the mischief was done; Mackenzie bounced back into the assembly—for the sixth time—and this time he stayed there and clamored for an Official Inquiry into all this mountain of pestilence which called itself government; a commission, with power to summon witnesses. It was held in the spring of 1835; Mackenzie in the chair, and at the tenth session of the Inquiry, held on April 1, surely a significant date, Strachan appeared and submitted himself to examination.

Strachan at that moment had no realization that the shadows were closing around his world, and that a stronger power than the divine right of kings and Star Chambers was staring at him through the glowering eyes of the "tiny creature" whom he had come to answer. In Mackenzie's stormy, fire-darting mind some consciousness of the portents of the encounter may have been stirring; but none, certainly, in Strachan's granite head. The arch-

deacon treated the whole proceedings with lofty indifference. He came before the four commissioners, regarding them as a watchful lion might have allowed his speculative gaze to fall on a quartette of mysterious jackals. The business in hand was ridiculous; they were, upon his soul, endeavoring to make him—him, remember—commit himself; to make him impart information—to them. Beyond any doubt they were four fools.

Mackenzie went on with his questions:—

“Is the lieutenant-governor obliged in matters of state policy to ask your advice as an executive councillor?”

STRACHAN LOOKS AT HIM—“I refer you to the constitutional act.”

MACKENZIE—“In what way is the government of this colony responsible to the public opinion, as expressed by the representatives of the people in parliament?”

STRACHAN—“I could not answer that question otherwise than by saying that the government is quite as responsible as any other government.”

MACKENZIE—“Do you consider the clergy corporation legal?” (The clergy corporation controlled the Clergy Reserves.)

STRACHAN—“Certainly, I do.”

MACKENZIE—“Ought not the whole public revenue to be paid in the gross into the exchequer or treasury of the colony, and the proceeds applied only according to law?”

STRACHAN—“I do not answer that question.”

He “does not answer” such questions; he leaves this absurd commission to its impertinent investigations; withdraws, having divulged nothing beyond

the fact that where he has hitherto stood on all these matters he still stands. This "spaniel dog" may question him about "responsible government," about control of the public revenues, about control of the clergy reserves; but he can still go home and "advise" the lieutenant-governor, and inspire policy, and dictate dispatches, and appropriate college grants and charters; let Mackenzie and his ag-grieved cohorts of reform continue their uproar; has not he, Strachan, the substance of the thing in his hand? He tightened his clutch; but it was on water; in some bewildering fashion things were not as they had been; the assembly was full of democrats crying incessantly for responsible government; undoubtedly there had been a loss; the glorious vision of a dominant episcopal heirarchy, based on the grandest and most venerable Tory doctrine, had become obscured by the political atmosphere generated in the assembly. It was trying; painful. Strachan, having failed to discourage Mackenzie, having failed to discourage Ryerson, and perceiving at last, all too clearly, that "reform" would have disastrous consequences on the authority of the government, on the control of the Clergy Reserves, once again undermined his enemies; a campaign was begun to have the remainder of the Clergy Reserve lands transferred to the control of the British parliament, and taken out of Canadian politics altogether. Again the explanation was

satisfactory. Strachan could "go behind the scenes and work the oracle" in England. If he could get the Clergy Reserve lands out of the control of this legislature altogether, much—very much—might still be saved.

IX.

STRACHAN ruggedly refused to see that things were no more what they once had been; all this yielding, this miserable admission that concessions must be made—and to what a tribe?—radicals, dissenters, nobodies—undoubtedly proved that degeneracy was invading even the highest places. The council was corrupted by the presence of “popular” nominees; the colonial office, in the most disastrous manner, insisted not only on having simply ruinous ideas, but insisted on having them carried out. The strain was becoming serious.

The strain became so serious that perfectly satisfactory lieutenant-governors, men whose loyalty to the King was unimpeachable and whose complaisance to Strachan was all that could be desired, were no longer able to bear it. They were resigning rather than be parties to this lamentable endorsation of democratic demands. All this was weakness; Strachan, hewn out of granite, and equally sensitive to external influence, stood firm. The great currents were sweeping away the good old ideas and the strong old sanctions, but he remained, thundering against the incoming tide.

Unfortunately the clamor for reform became deafening. Sir Peregrine Maitland, a most estimable governor, who had never quite known what it was all about, had resigned and was already almost forgotten. Sir John Colborne, an excellent man, who had, among other notable things, helped to bury Sir John Moore at Corunna, and who simply could not stand these vociferous, irreverent, long-winded agitators, was obliged to withdraw. But fortune still smiled on the oligarchy; an ironical smile, no doubt, but still, a smile.

Lord Glenelg, the colonial secretary, by a queer inadvertence, sent out Sir Francis Bond Head, an English gentleman whose qualifications for the office of lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada consisted solely in "a gross ignorance of everything in any way related to the government of our colonies," and a detestation of democracy almost holy in its fervor. He was all that even Strachan himself could have desired; indeed, he was rather more; and with his willing aid immediate results could be produced.

The reformers were denounced, defied and dismissed from office. The absolute, irrevocable principle of the lieutenant-governor's non-responsibility to his executive was reaffirmed with admirable emphasis. Mackenzie and his colleagues were driven out of the assembly. Loyalty to the King's government, at the cost—surely the circumstances warranted—of some sporadic assault and battery on

hesitating voters and a number of broken heads—was triumphantly vindicated at the polls; Lord Glenelg and the colonial office were respectfully but firmly, in despatches a mile long, taught their duty and put in their places. It was almost too good to be true, and indeed so it actually turned out.

All these successes, so gratifying and heartening to contemplate, affording such convincing proofs of the soundness of the policy of non-compromise, had the most unfortunate result: they produced a rebellion. Mackenzie and some rabble of reformers appeared in arms. They were, of course, suppressed, banished, two of them, even, were hanged—Beverley Robinson sternly refusing to condone sedition—but once again the mischief was done. Lord Durham came out to investigate; Lord Sydenham came out as governor, and for the first time in his career Strachan “had to acknowledge a master” whom he could neither weaken nor control. Sydenham disliked the bishop’s “restless bustling manner,” (Strachan having been a bishop since 1839), and Sydenham did not even scruple to send him dreadful letters saying that the bishop’s proceedings were “highly objectionable”; yet all Strachan had done, in this specific case, was to borrow from public money, of which he himself was trustee, on the security—surely amply sufficient—of his own note. Funds lying idle, and, surely, just as well made use of. So it had seemed to him. But not to Syden-

ham. Truly, the old days, the old opportunities, were gone; loyalty to His Gracious Majesty, or to Her Gracious Majesty, now that the beautiful and interesting young Queen had taken the succession, was no longer the talisman it had been. In 1841 Strachan resigned from the legislative council. In the circumstances it was all he could do.

He was, however, Bishop of Toronto, head of the Episcopal church in the province, and the great question of the Clergy Reserves still remained to settle. Sydenham had a plan, but it horrified Strachan. It was plain spoliation of the Church of England. How the great dream of a dominant episcopacy had been shattered! But he still had his strength, and he hurled himself into the contest. "He went behind the scenes and worked the oracle in Great Britain." Sir John Colborne, now Lord Seaton, was sympathetic; the leader of the English bishops in the House of Lords, the Bishop of Hereford, was sympathetic; Lord John Russell, at the foreign office, was manipulated. The oracle had been worked. Sydenham, Mackenzie, Baldwin, Rolf, might shatter his party and usher him out of the government, but Strachan had power still; had still a workable oracle left. Sydenham's infamous bill was suffocated; the intrigue succeeded.

But again it was useless—a mere postponement of the inevitable; how the smile must have deepened on Fortune's face at the spectacle of Strachan suc-

ceeding in all his intrigues, and losing everything he valued. It had been all in vain, and in 1854 the end came, and it was Strachan himself who brought it. He made still another effort to improve his clutch on the reserves, and lost them entirely. The government—Hincks, Morin, Baldwin, etc.—reformers; now the government; it was a revolution—brought in legislation and “secularized” the reserves, appropriating their revenues to education, local improvements—roads, bridges, so forth. The thing was over and done with at last. Strachan’s last hope for a dominant episcopacy in Canada was extinguished.

There was a curious concluding scene. Strachan “prepared an elaborate petition to the parliament setting out the whole question, from an episcopal point of view, and presented it in person at the bar of the house, at the head of a number of his clergy, all clad in the vestments of their order.” With white surplices fluttering they bore down on the silent house, a scene, says one admiring commentator, in unison with the Middle Ages. The scales were indeed reversed. In this parliament, back from exile, an honored member, sat William Lyon Mackenzie, arch-radical, reformer, ex-fomentor and leader of rebellions. As Strachan and his clergy sail into the chamber Mackenzie’s ire kindles, the old wrongs burn afresh: it was this man, with his white gown and his hard face and his harsh voice that had

driven him forth a hunted outlaw. Mackenzie darts up, pours out a wild, fiery torrent of protest—"a voluble and excited harrangue." "This turbulent clergy," interfering in matters not within their jurisdiction, "infesting the lobbies of the legislature" thronging the very space set apart for "peaceably disposed spectators——"

Strachan ignored him. Waited in grand, craggy, surpliced contempt till the "tiny creature" sputtered out his unmannerly nonsense, and then presented his "elaborate petition." Petition never heard of more. All was over. The last battle had been fought and lost.

X.

STRACHAN was seventy-six; all had been lost, and not merely lost, obliterated; a new order was installed. Nemesis had been utterly without mercy.

The Clergy Reserves were gone, and the Church of England was no more than one of the many religious connections ministering to the varied spiritual requirements of the people. The educational monopoly was gone, and a new, popular, system based on a democratic conception of the needs of the colony, had been established, with Ryerson—what a pill to swallow—at its head.

The exclusive executive council was gone. The exclusive lieutenant-governor was gone. The members of the government were responsible to the assembly. The revenues, patronage, the judiciary, the civil service, everything that had been the closed preserve of government as Strachan understood and valued the term, had passed out of the dignified privacy of the secret chamber, into the turmoil and dust of a popularly elected legislature. The very colony itself had ceased to exist; Upper Canada had vanished in the Act of Union and the parliament was

flooded with French representatives from Quebec. It was final, but there was one thing neither weakened nor daunted, and that was Strachan's untameable spirit. He was never conscious of having been wrong. Yet he had begun with everything—an entire system—and at the end it had all been levelled and erased: a record, not of construction, but of negation. Other men's claims to reputation rest on the quantity of things they, in fifty or sixty years of living, have produced, and made a monument of for posterity to mark them by. Everything, however, had crumbled at Strachan's feet, he was his own sole monument and he stood untamed, rugged, craggy, amid the ruins, and exacted and received homage and respect as tributes to the sheer power of his personality.

He had been totally defeated, yet he was the most prosperous and picturesque man in Canada. He was at the head of his church. His house was a mansion, "marked with the evidences of comfort and wealth on every hand." Strachan's brother, visiting him from Scotland, and seeing it all, says: "I hope it's a' come honestly by, John." History records that brotherly hope.

Strachan lived for thirteen years after the dispersion of the Clergy Reserves, engaging with energy in the tasks and duties of his bishopric. The tumults of the past faded like faint retreating drums. His enemies had triumphed; his friends

had failed; but enemies and friends alike were going away. The bishop was outliving them all; clutching life as he had clutched power; a tenacity that could not weaken; clutching life, and life, each year slipping out of his grasp, as power had slipped.

Mackenzie was dead; Robinson was dead; Sydenham, Colborne, the old governors, the old councillors, all gone away, caring nothing whatever any more about the splendid old interests—the suppression of democracy, the establishment of The Church.

He grew old. Sydenham had accused him of taking money. Well, Sydenham would make no more accusations. “His bodily feebleness steadily increased.” He had stormed at wild council meetings—Doric tumbling and rushing from him like torrents of granite boulders; all that was past. He became deaf; blind. How long ago it was since his hot wrath had frightened the angry Dearborn. In the autumn of 1865, in his eighty-eighth year, his wife died; fifty-eight years together; a lifetime; she had been a pretty young widow; gracious, charming, affectionate, and with money, too. She had brought him much. He was, however, eighty-eight: and she, too, was gone. He was an old man.

The cathedral; the council; the colleges; the executive power; that winter day in Kingston, when he had not twenty pounds for a passage home to Scotland. It was all over;—he was a bedridden

old man, his life at its ebb; he recited fragments of hymns and psalms in a firm voice; his mind seemed to dwell in the scenes of the past. As a little boy his father had taken him to St. Paul's Episcopal chapel in the Aberdeen Gallowgate; his mother had taught him the sacred sign at bedtime. He had smashed noblemen, he had distracted governments; he had failed to establish the episcopacy; he was ending as a great bishop. He died on November 1, All Saints' day, 1867. Surely there was an ironic significance in the date.

The funeral was tremendous. Schools were closed; muffled bells were rung and solemn requiems played; the members of the law society; the senate, graduates and undergraduates of the university; the provost, professors, masters and students of Trinity, Victoria and Upper Canada colleges took part in the funeral procession: the professors and graduates in "academical costume and with mourning badges on their left arms." The streets were lined with troops; as the hearse passed, the soldiers reversed their arms, and the silent throngs of spectators uncovered their heads.

The occasion justified the splendid obsequies. When Strachan was lowered into his grave in the north chancel of St. James cathedral, the last remains of the Great Tory Superstition in Canada were in his coffin.

THE REMARKABLE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

*The naval engagement on Lake Erie in
1813 was one of the conspicuous
events of the war*

THE REMARKABLE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

THE Battle of Putin Bay gave command of Lake Erie to the Americans. There are four personalities intimately associated with this battle—from the British or Canadian side:—Major-General Henry Procter, commanding the Right Division of the forces at Amherstburg; Sir George Prevost, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Canada; Captain R. H. Barclay, "Commander of H.M. Ships and Vessels on Lake Erie"; and Commodore Sir James Lucas Yeo, Commanding His Majesty's Ships and Vessels at Kingston. The letters exchanged between these four men tell the story of the battle.

Procter and Barclay knew perfectly well what they wanted. Procter was posted with a small force on the extreme right of the British position in the southern tip of the Ontario peninsula, several hundred miles by land from sources of supply. Procter wanted stores, and money, and presents for his Indians, and the way to bring these to him best and fastest was by water. Therefore Procter wanted a squadron of ships on Lake Erie which would com-

mand the lake and fortify the British position in the peninsula. That was why Procter pressed for a squadron on Lake Erie, and that is why Barclay was sent to command it.

Barclay, being sent to seize naval control of Lake Erie, wanted ships, stores, cannon and seamen. With these he had good hopes of controlling the waters; without these, he was at great pains to impress on his superior officer, his hopes were not so good.

Thus, between them, Procter and Barclay wanted things which were natural, simple, and obviously necessary for the work to be done.

Procter, in his various camps in the County of Essex, sat in his tent and wrinkled up his forehead in the stress and strain of penmanship. He became a letter-writer of the most persevering character. We can imagine him, deep in the Essex bush, an old lantern swinging on his tent-pole, a sentry with his bayonet pointing at the moon, by the tent-flap, and poor Procter inside, pertinaciously scratching away at another letter to Prevost—"send stores, send money, send seamen—our need is urgent." Always this. From June, in 1813.

Barclay, a sailor, "sixteen years employed in His Majesty's Service," "very frequently engaged with the Enemy and wounded eight times;" Barclay, too, behold, turned scribe. His thick-fingered fist dallying massively with goose-quills and ink-horns,

and bombarding the lofty Yeo and the remote Prevost for seamen—"Even 50 would be of the greatest service at present." From July, 1813, Procter and Barclay wrote letters—demanding seamen. They need 300 to make sure of the job, but still, says the baffled Barclay, 50 would always be 50.

Prevost, Commander-in-Chief, is doing his best; General Procter will perhaps note that. Prevost, too, is writing letters—full of words. He mentions such things as Salt Pork—"as much as can be procured"—and £2,000 in army bills. These are to be "pushed on" to Procter away in Essex. Excellent things to read about when you are hungry and hard up for coin, even if they never arrive. Prevost hopes Procter will "encourage as much as possible the exertions of the Navy." As the exertions of the Navy are principally devoted to getting seamen, and salt pork and cannon balls, and such like out of distant commanding officers, Procter does encourage their exertions. Vigorously: at much cost of cramped fingers and writing pens.

Prevost, however, is suddenly inspired. Some vague story about paper money, Shoes and Trousers, and then this—"The Ordnance & Naval Stores you require must be taken from the Enemy whose reserves on Lake Erie must become yours—I am much mistaken if you do not find Capt. Barclay well disposed to play that game."

That fuming sea dog with eight wounds is drawing upon himself pompous reprimands from the superior Commodore Yeo. "Please remember I am so much higher in rank than you," writes the superior Yeo from his far-off warship, in cold reproof of this subordinate who is pestering him for sailors. Barclay stamps about inhaling and exhaling the atmosphere of Lake Erie. Poor Procter is on half-rations on the shore. On August 29, 1813, "there are not, in the Fleet, more than four and twenty Seamen." And the Americans are fitting out with celerity a fine squadron—full of Seamen. Poor Barclay. His hour draws near.

"At length on the 5th of September they (the Seamen) did arrive, but instead of 50 far short of three hundred the number I hoped to receive they counted only 36 with two Lieuts.," etc. The fuming Barclay belches his scorn uncabined, unconfined by punctuation or weak literary niceties, he is writing with his remaining fist waving in the air. And there is only a week's half-rations on shore and a week's half-rations in the ships and no "spirits." Grog all done, except a tot apiece being held in reserve for battle. That is the 5th of September, 1813. They have either got to fight or burn their ships; because Perry and his ships—full of Seamen—are at large on Lake Erie.

Barclay, with his sixteen years of "actual employment in His Majesty's Service," and his eight

wounds got in frequent engagements with the Enemy, feels that—"on this occasion the honor of the British Navy was committed to my charge. Had I not risked an action the whole disgrace of the retreat of the army would have attached to me, and I should have been justly involved in the shocking imputation of Cowardice." The Captain puts into his ships soldiers and such crews as he can scrape up,—in the whole of his little fleet there are perhaps fifty real seamen—he has practised his landlubbers in cannon firing twice a day for some time. On September 10, he sails out to intercept Perry; he will try it out with Perry let come what will.

The little warships sailed up close to each other and fought with "great fury until half-past two"; Barclay getting the best of the fight. But at half-past two the tide of battle turned; the Americans had the weather-gage, and some time later, Barclay down in his cockpit dangerously wounded, all his chief officers and their seconds in command killed or out of action, and his best ship "shattered very much," the battle ended in the complete victory of Perry, who captured the entire British fleet.

Procter had to fall back out of his Essex peninsula—into hopeless disaster and fresh gusts of letter-writing. Prevost, too, takes his poor quill in hand again about "the disastrous event," and makes "recommendations," to the poor Procter, by this time quite shattered. Yeo also has further recourse

to the ink-bottle; how it was his "painful duty to inform you that"—Barclay has been wiped out; writing good smooth letters in favor of Commodore Yeo. "Painful duty." But not so painful as Barclay's shattered thigh and smashed shoulder—ten wounds now instead of eight. "And if Barclay had only waited for seamen," says Yeo. After Barclay waiting till they had no more grog except a tot for battle. Barclay in his wrath shrivels up the Commodore Yeo, and at the court-martial into the action "the Court agreed and did adjudge the said Captain Robert Heriot Barclay his Surviving Officers and Men to be most fully and most honorably acquitted."

Everybody agreed that Barclay would have won the battle if he had only had some Seamen. "For want of a——"

THE FIGHT AT CHATEAUGUAY

*Sir, this was no affair of skirmishes,
but a pitched battle*

THE FIGHT AT CHATEAUGUAY

THE Battle of Chateauguay began on October 26, 1813, and was still proceeding with acerbity on the 11th of May, 1895. What follows is merely a verification of this statement.

By September, 1813, orders were flying about from Edwd. Baynes, adjt.-gen., N.A., at Montreal, giving directions about troop concentrations. "The reserve is placed under command of Major-General Sir Roger Sheaffe," "Lt.-Col. Williams is to incline towards St. Phillipps and St. Pierre with his corps," "The right is to consist of two three-pounders of artillery, One Troop of 19th Light Dragoons, 1st Battalion Embodied Militia," etc. General Sheaffe is writing letters, General de Rottenburg is writing letters; the military mail bag is heavy. Hampton, the American, with seven thousand men, is moving against Montreal; orders, letters, information, much manuscript communication, is galloped over the heavy roads on the south banks of the St. Lawrence in the county of Chateauguay; Hampton and his seven thousand must be stopped and the letters go hither and thither up till October 26, when your most humble servt., (signed) Col. Baynes, A.G., tells

Col. de Lery that he will "please to join at daylight tomorrow morning a party of a captain, two lieutenants," and so forth.

On the morrow, October 27, General de Watteville sends off a letter to Sir George Prevost, commander-in-chief. De W. begs leave to announce that "Lieut.-Col. de Salaberry, commanding the most advanced posts and picquets on the Chateauguay river," had on the day previous been attacked by the enemy, and had driven him off, deserving "much credit and my warmest commendations for the judgment and activity displayed by him." Also that "nothing extraordinary has occurred during the night." Thus, with no warning, in the space of a day the Battle of Chateauguay had been fought and won, and "nothing extraordinary occurred during the night"; a ridiculous assertion, because during the hours of darkness, the course of the battle turned round in the heads of Prevost and Ed. Baynes, adjt.-gen., with the most long-drawn-out and wide-ranging correspondence ensuing as the result.

De Salaberry selected his positions, planned his defences, arranged his forces, fought his battle, won his battle, and on the night of the 26th, with Hampton beaten and in retreat, sat down by the light of a "wood fire" and announced this to de Watteville. De Salaberry had won a battle; he was feeling he had won a battle; he was "not well," but was sustained

by having "prevented the American army from penetrating to La Prairie." He lay down in the warmth and light of his "wood fire" in the cold thickets by the Chateauguay river a conscious victor. It had been his battle. De Salaberry's. He had won it.

Had he? On October 27, Edward Baynes, adjutant-general, issued a "General Order," announcing the battle to all and sundry. The official intimation. Col. de Salaberry, according to Edw. Baynes, had been covering "working parties," sent out by someone; "the judicious position chosen by 'that Officer,' and the excellent disposition of his little band, repulsed with loss the enemy's principal column," sent them packing, "screened the working parties from insult," and so on. "Col. Salaberry reports his having received the most able support from Captain Ferguson, Captain Jean Bapt. Duchesnay, Captain Juchereau"; other captains as well. "His Excellency the Governor-in-chief and Commander of the Forces (Prevost) having had the satisfaction of himself witnessing this brilliant occasion, feels it a gratifying duty to render that praise which is so justly their due, to the troops, to Major-General De Watteville for the admirable arrangement established by him; to de Salaberry for this and that, to the officers and men, to all the troops, to everybody in the country, his Excellency's warmest acknowledgments are due for having won a fine

victory and 'hurled disgrace on the head of an enemy that would have polluted our happy soil'."

This comprehensive bouquet from the "amiable" pen of E. Baynes, adjt.-gen., reaches de Salaberry at the "Advanced Posts" on November 1, and de Salaberry, having read it, his face becoming first purple, and then purpler, calls loudly for inkhorn and goosequill and begins: "Sir, referring to the general order of the 27th ult.," and with the vigorous hand of a man who has won a battle, assails the veracity, accuracy, and probity of Edward Baynes' description of the action. It was no paltry affair of covering workmen; it was no subordinate movement; it was a battle; 300 men under de Salaberry had routed Hampton and seven thousand, who departed in confusion, leaving many killed, prisoners, rifles, and "six drums," behind them. It was true de Watteville had inspected de Salaberry's positions, but that was all de W. did—after de S. had chosen them. "No officer or superior of rank came up till the action was over." "These are the true circumstances, and it grieves me to the heart to see that I must share the merit of the action, and that it must be reduced to my having covered a few workmen. Methinks if any merit is to be obtained I am entitled to the whole." De Salaberry asks that Ed. Baynes lay all this before his Excellency Prevost. His battle was being turned into an affair of pickets and stolen from him as well. Let justice be done.

It goes on. More letters from Edwd. Baynes, from Adjutant O'Sullivan—"your" battle, he writes to de Salaberry, who is ill of a rheumatism, but hopeful to join the advance in a very few days. Then Mr. Lee rises in the house of assembly—by this time the battle has fought its way into parliament—and, seconded by Mr. Huot, moves that "the thanks of this house be given to Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry and the several officers and men," etc., for "signally defeating" General Hampton, and the Speaker is charged to signify the same to Lieut.-Col. de Salaberry, etc. Justice is being done. It continues.

On March 15, 1814, the Duke of Kent, the prince who achieved fame by begetting Queen Victoria, wrote from Kengington Palace, London, to de Salaberry's father and gave it as his considered opinion, he being a military man himself, that his "protège," de Salaberry, was the genuine victor of Chateauguay, and was, furthermore, the "hero who saved Lower Canada"; that His Royal Highness saw "with pain that the report of the adjutant-general (our friend Edw. Baynes) does not do him justice," but that His Royal Highness had "talked the matter over with the Duke of York, and he appears completely convinced that to your son belongs the whole merit," and adequate rewards in due time may be expected.

That is much, but justice keeps in motion. We are back in "His Majesty's faithful commons of

Lower Canada in provincial parliament assembled," and they are asking the Prince Regent to be "graciously pleased" to give Lieut.-Col. de Salaberry a grant of waste lands of the crown for what he did at Chateauguay. With what result we do not know but justice was being done. Further, Lt.-Col. George Macdonell, de Salaberry's second in command at the battle, told the chiefs of the war office in 1817 that, of course, de Salaberry had been the hero of Chateauguay. "I told him plainly that Sir George Prevost and the people about him had chosen to take some pique at you about that time and they, therefore, had not thought proper to give you the credit you were entitled to." Macdonell went still farther, he recommended that de Salaberry's name be included in the list of Companions of the Bath, as a reward for Chateauguay.

The mists that came out of the ink bottle of Edw. Baynes, adjt.-general, on October 27, 1813, seem, therefore, to be effectually blown away, and de Salaberry, as victor of his battle, established solid on his pedestal. When behold, seventy-eight years slip past, and a gentleman arises in Montreal and tells us de Salaberry did not win his battle at all; that de Watteville won it; or Macdonnell won it; or anybody won it; but certainly not de Salaberry. And this sceptic produces an old man who had been at the battle when he was a boy, and the old man says that it was Macdonnell's battle, for had Mac-

donell not checkmated the American Purdy de Salaberry would have been taken in the rear. He further says, does this ancient, that in the opinion of them all in those days Sir George Prevost, who took pique at de Salaberry, was "either a coward or a fool."

The battle may still be going on—the battle over who won it; may still rage on with Hampton, Prevost, de Watteville, de Salaberry, Ed. Baynes, adj.-gen., and all the others mouldered into dust for nearly a hundred years.

SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD

*And the Rebellion in Upper Canada
in 1837*

HIS EXCELLENCY

I.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD comes into Canadian history riding on horseback; an erect, military gentleman, with high bearing and a handsome, shallow, patrician face. In the November of 1835 he had been quite busy as one of the poor law commissioners for the county of Kent, in England; and towards the end of the month found himself in New Romney, a little Kentish town sitting on the English Channel looking over at France. Francis was deeply engrossed in the noble avocation of "reviving the character and condition of the English laborer," who had, from causes of no interest to us here, fallen into a state of misery so disastrous and fatal that it had actually perplexed the English government, and produced the famous poor laws, which aimed at relieving poverty by establishing efficient "work houses" and exercising a more stringent supervision over out-door relief. It was upon this great work that Francis, when he first rides into our view, was so interestedly engaged.

On this November day business had been heavy at New Romney; and the weather furious; "it had blown a hurricane from the S.S.W.," and as Francis rode back to his lodging at Cranbrook, a hamlet some twenty miles nearer London, he and his horse were both nearly swept away by the onset of the gale. In the fields the storm-beaten cattle stood with their tails to the wind, "too frightened to eat." Francis, who had a writer's eye for detail, noted them as he pushed his laboring horse along. Storm; midnight alarm; wild bells in agitated steeples; he was trotting briskly towards them all. The hour of his fate had struck and at that moment Fate's messenger was galloping in search of him.

With his head "full of unions, parishes, magistrates, relieving officers and paupers," Francis reached his lodging in Cranbrook and retired early to bed. Satisfied with his day's work, contented with the duties he was performing for the paupers of England, undisturbed by the cry of the November blast lamenting at his window like the lost and homeless spirit of pauperism itself, he fell asleep; an unimportant, unknown English gentleman; but a loyal gentleman, and, as events will prove, with a gift for stupidity that nothing can perturb or defeat. Down he lies on this drear winter night and falls into his sleep. Glenelg's postilion is galloping for him out of London; but Francis has till midnight; some hours yet of uneventful slumber while Fate's

horseman comes drumming along through Kent. This is the first time Francis is to be wakened in his bed at night by portentous tidings, but not the last. Meantime he is asleep. The candles have been blown out; Romney Marsh, Cranbrook, magistrates, relieving officers, and paupers; full stomachs and empty; all deep in slumber. The bell in the steeple chimes out the dark hours as they come and pass.

II.

ON THE fourteenth of May, 1662, Catherine of Braganza, Princess of Portugal, arrived at Portsmouth to marry Charles the Second. Mr. Samuel Pepys notes on the following evening that in London "all the bells of the towne rung, and bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrival." It was the England of the Restoration. Charles had been home these two years past. Smitten by the remorse of their treason to the Stuarts, a repentant Parliament had torn Oliver's dead bones from their grave and dangled them on the gallows at Tyburn, a warning to all future rebels. The spores of the Great Plague festered in London's alleys towards its outburst three years later: 1665. The second St. Paul's Cathedral still stood; to be swept away by the cleansing flames of the Great Fire of 1666.

With Charles we have nothing to do here; and with Catherine, no more than this—that she brought in her entourage from Portugal a Portuguese Jew named Ferdinando Mendez, a doctor of medicine; he came as Catherine's physician. Dr. Mendez settled in England. He married; but whether an

English or a Portuguese wife we do not know. He had issue, and his son also had issue, because Ferdinand's grandson, Moses Mendez, married the co-heiress of the Rev. Sir Francis Head, Baronet, of the Hermitage, Higham, Kent.

Ferdinando and his offspring are thus shown to be of very decent station, and Moses' marriage with the heiress of Higham discovers the Mendez family establishing itself solidly in England. Moses decided to go a step farther. On his marriage he assumed his wife's name and became Moses Head. This effaced the Jewish origin and the Portuguese connections were quietly absorbed in the English family of the Heads.

Moses Head apparently acquired the estate of the Hermitage; where his son, James Roper Head, was born. James Roper, who succeeded in the Estate, married a Miss Burgess, and to them, in 1793, was born a son, Francis Bond Head. This is the Francis whom we have just left sleeping in his bed in Cranbrook, while a King's messenger is spurring to him on high errands of state. A queer star twinkled at Francis' nativity; the goddess of misadventure ran her finger forward through the years and marked a distant date on her calendar of confusion; and chuckled.

Francis grew up and went for his education to Rochester Grammar School, passing on to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, his destination be-

ing the army. He began his military experiences in 1811, when he was eighteen, as a second lieutenant in the royal engineers. It appears that he served in the Mediterranean and suffered shipwreck at Tripoli. He appears indeed to have been rather busy during those final years of Napoleon's power, and in 1815 he is at Waterloo, "employed in surveying the ground about Charleroi during the French advance on the evening of June 15".

From Waterloo he moved to Edinburgh, where "he was engaged in hauling down the dangerous ruins some of the walls 130 feet high, left in Parliament Square after the great fires of 1824." He retired from the army on half-pay in 1825.

In 1825 he became manager of the Rio Plata Mining Association, a London syndicate which proposed to work gold and silver concessions ceded to the syndicate by the Government of La Plata; the enterprise was a ruinous failure. When Francis, with a staff of Cornish miners and other specialists arrived to begin operations he found the concessions had been conveyed to rival companies whom he could not dispossess; the substance of the enterprise had vanished and he and his men were in the heart of South America, a thousand miles west of Buenos Ayres.

Francis mounted his horse; always we see him on horseback; and galloped with surprising rapidity back and forth upon the South American continent;

over the Cordilleras mountains, over the green illimitable Pampas, in search of gold and silver claims out of which he could mine an honest penny for his employers in London. In this pursuit he galloped through sixty thousand pounds sterling of the company's money with unsparing energy; but all that his energy and galloping produced was fury in the hearts of his unfortunate directors in England. Francis was clamorously recalled, and "the luckless enterprise" blew up in an explosion of anger. The directors charged him with mismanagement and tried to withhold his salary; but Francis, of a tremendous controversial inclination, insisted on his cash and got it. He wrote a book justifying his conduct; his first apology for a blasted project; later he will write another with which we shall commune at some length. Meanwhile the La Plata gold enterprise had gone off in fragments, an achievement, at least, of a sort.

There is a quaint streak of originality discernible in Francis; in happier circumstances he might have invented an improved fly-trap or a collapsible ink-bottle; thus we find him profiting from his South American adventure and exerting himself to have the lasso introduced into the British army. His efforts were so far successful that he was promoted from half-pay to be major in the royal wagon train, after which he was passed out to a place on the "unattached list"; and this finished his active con-

nection with the army. His ingenious talents, however, made it impossible for him to remain idle and between 1828 and 1834 there fell from his pen several volumes on varied themes which disclose his versatile gifts. In 1834 he was appointed one of the assistant poor law commissioners in Kent, and to the important and perplexing duties of that office he carried the whole force of his unique intelligence. It was a mission, he thought, in which he might do real service for England. He plunged with enthusiasm into the quagmire of English poverty, prepared to devote his life to the great problems of pauperism; and it was with a mind exhausted by the pressure of these problems that he had gone to bed in Cranbrook on this windy November night of 1835 and fallen asleep.

The wind moans and whistles over Kent; the galloping postilion draws near. It will soon be time for us to wake Francis up.

III.

IN THE year 1835 Canadian affairs had again become a source of irritation to the British Colonial Secretary. Canada consisted of several distinct provinces, or colonies, each with a constitution of its own; and in the "noble and interesting" colony of Upper Canada, created and established by an Act of the younger Pitt, hell was coming slowly to the boil. To Downing Street it was all very perplexing; rather bewildering; decidedly tiresome.

Towards the end of 1835 the Colonial Office found itself with another Canadian crisis on its hands: Sir John Colborne really would not do any longer. Sir John was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and for seven years he had been harassed by the curious demands of a section of the colonists. Interminable despatches and wordy complaints full of acid were pouring from the rival parties in Upper Canada into the Colonial Ministry, and it was obvious at last that, after seven years of it, Colborne, positively, would have to be translated.

This reopened an important question for the British Government; they must find a new Governor for Upper Canada, that noble and interesting colony

so close to the heart of His Gracious Majesty, and so highly esteemed in their official despatches by His Majesty's earnest and studious advisers. The Colonial Secretary was Charles Grant, Lord Glenelg, a statesman who made his entrance into public notice when he won a prize at Cambridge for a poem on the recondite and suggestive subject of "The Restoration of Learning in the East," and who had early been impressed by the benefits to be derived from a really systematic study of the great science of Mythology. The Prime Minister was the courtly and romantic Melbourne.

The truth was that Upper Canada was rather a kettle of fish. There was something brewing in that Colony; and now again, although seven years was a fair term, the Lieutenant-Governor had reached the place where he must be promoted and removed if the harmony of the colony was to be considered at all. Glenelg and Melbourne, therefore, in this November of 1835, were casting about for a gentleman who, with propriety, could be entrusted with this noble, etc., portion of His Majesty's overseas possessions. They were not finding it easy; several approaches were made, but no one, Glenelg found, was willing to go. Whom could he send?

In this emergency someone remarked casually, "Why not send young Head; he might go?" Francis, in 1835, was forty-two years old, hardly "young,"

perhaps; but he had a cousin, Edmund Head, son of the Rev. Sir John Head, Bart., M.A., perpetual curate of Egerton, and Edmund was just thirty—obviously young; and when Glenelg was advised to send “young Head” it was Edmund who was meant. But Glenelg, who evidently had heard something of Francis, was unaware of Edmund, and it was Francis he considered; after all there was, really, something to consider. Francis had written several rather readable books; he had managed a Silver company that failed; he had galloped with energy on the South American Pampas; he had pulled down ruins in Edinburgh; he had been present at the battles of Ligny and Waterloo; he had been wrecked at sea; his appreciation of the problems of pauperism was enthusiastic.

All this, it cannot be denied, constituted an experience which, at least, was varied, and perhaps supplied admirable qualifications for the high office and delicate duties of a Lieutenant-Governor. Glenelg, for one, fortified no doubt by the examples of mythology, felt that Francis would be most suitable; was the very man; and having reached this opinion he acted with a ministerial promptitude totally indifferent to the hours of the clock; his postilion, on steaming horses, has now reined up at the lodgings in Cranbrook, Kent, where Francis lies, all unsuspecting, in slumber. The wind still moans over the sleeping countryside.

The postilion gets down and beats on the inn door with his chilled kunckles; the whole village is asleep; the horses breathe heavily and rattle their harness in the deserted dark street. The landlord rouses; and comes sleepy, in nightcap, carrying a tallow candle, to see what the night has brought. Holding up his candle: here is a night-rider and horses and chaise, a messenger on the King's business; messenger hands out his letter:—"Francis B. Head, Esq. On His Majesty's Service"; imposing official envelope. "Gentleman in No. 7," says the inn-keeper uneasily, scanning the paper by his candle-light; and off he goes, his tallow dip startling the shadows on the walls and ceilings; and the sounds and cries of the night droning and muttering in the silent house. Francis is sound asleep.

"Wake, sir; wake up; the King has sent you this 'ere letter; rouse a bit, sir, wake up." Francis wakes and blinks; a frightened face is peering at him from the yellow gleam. "This 'ere letter, sir; a King's officer has come for you, sir." Francis sits up, wide awake, adjusts his nightcap, and, while the servant holds the candle, breaks the seals and reads his letter.

Francis had seen the Battle of Waterloo; he had been in a shipwreck; he had ridden up the Cordillera Mountains and down the other side; he had, in his time, seen several surprising things; but never anything so quaint as this—"Dear Mr. Head,—Please

come in and see me in the morning at half-past eight, as I would like you to accept the Governorship of Upper Canada. Your most obedient humble servant, Glenelg." And it was now midnight; eight-thirty only a few brief hours away; and he deep in Kent. "Governor of Upper Canada?" Where in the world was Upper Canada? "Glenelg?" Who was this Glenelg? Francis was convinced it was a dream. But there was the servant's "honest countenance not altogether free from alarm," and the tallow dip twinkling in the black room; and the muffled rattle and stamping from the stables as new horses are put in the carriage. "Utterly astonished," says Francis, "I immediately got up." Had he fallen out of bed in his astonishment, he might readily have been excused. But up he rises, and the goddess of mischief, who marked her calendar when he was born, must have thrown back her head and laughed. Francis descended, got into the waiting post chaise and galloped off to London; the whole sky full of winter's blackness and the stormy voices of the winds.

IV.

AT half-past eight, then, the postilion having spurred his horses, Francis arrived at Lord Glenelg's London residence and sent in his name. What a curious scene! Francis was meeting his Lordship for the first time and knew nothing whatever about him except that he was the Colonial Secretary; and Francis had only realized this a few hours previously when the servant had roused him out of his sleep to read Glenelg's remarkable summons; until a few hours ago he had scarcely been aware of the noble lord's existence; and here he was, nominee for a Governorship, in the minister's waiting room.

Glenelg, for his part, knew so little about Francis that he thought he had sent for Edmund Head, Francis' cousin; and when Francis came forward to meet him, it was Edmund whom he thought he was receiving; his ignorance of Edmund being as comprehensive as his ignorance of Francis. His lordship's ignorance of the Head family seems to have been as profound as Francis' ignorance of Canada; but it was birth, and name and privilege that were governing England; intelligence was the last essential for office; and the circumstance that he should

be offering the Governorship of Upper Canada to a total stranger who had just stepped in off the street, apparently presented no unusual features to Glenelg. He said he was rather in a hurry; he was just going to attend His Majesty at Brighton; he would like Mr. Head to accept this Governorship so that he could submit Mr. Head's name to His Majesty that morning.

Francis, to do him justice, says he was perfectly nonplussed by this "obliging" offer; and as his knowledge of Canada amounted to no more than its position on the map, he "respectfully and very gratefully declined the appointment."

Glenelg said: "Really, Mr. Head, I must leave for Brighton at nine; I have no time to discuss it with you, but I am sure you will do very well. Just step along to the Colonial Office and have a talk with Mr. Stephen; he knows all about Canada; a little chat with him is all you need; but, dear me, I must positively be off; I shall expect your acceptance later in the day; His Majesty will be anxious until it arrives." And away he goes to William at Brighton.

Francis feels rather dazed. He can think of sufficient good reasons why he should reject this office. He can think of no reason whatever why he should accept. "The Colonial Office," he muses, "has not the slightest claim upon me, and as I am really grossly ignorant of everything that in any

way relates to the government of our colonies, I should not go." This was a wise conclusion; but was it loyal? And with Francis loyalty was the fire that warmed him; it burned in him so strongly, so fiercely, that wisdom was utterly consumed. This wise and sensible conclusion—was it, after all, appropriate to the circumstances? A noble earl had asked him twice. His Gracious and rather stout Majesty would be on tenterhooks in the Brighton Pavilion until he knew that Mr. Head had accepted. Francis shuddered at the thought; it defeated his judgment; and although he entered the door of the Colonial Office "with considerable reluctance," enter it he did, to inform Mr. Stephen that he "would undertake the duty." "A letter was, without delay, despatched to Brighton to Lord Glenelg, who, on receiving it, immediately submitted to the King my name, of which His Majesty was pleased to approve."

The letter of acceptance having been written and despatched by the official Mr. Stephen, that gentleman then gave the new Governor a short talk on the features of his office, of which the chief were that his salary, in the interests of economy, was to be reduced by five hundred pounds, his half-pay as a major in the army would be stopped, and the aide-de-camp who usually accompanied Lieutenant-Governors, had been cut out of the list. These were disconcerting revelations, but Francis was never the man to turn back; when he put his hand to the

plough he did not stop until he had goaded the oxen to death or frenzy. Besides, a governorship was undoubtedly a great plum; it had, it is true, dropped into his mouth out of a squally November night and nearly choked him with surprise; but already he was tasting its flavor. This was high office; the flavor, however, was now slightly embittered by Mr. Stephen's shredding, in the interests of economy, of its emoluments and dignities. Francis protested vigorously against the proposed reductions and insisted that "as I was altogether below my predecessors (Sir Peregrine Maitland and Sir John Colborne) in military rank, and that as I was to be divested of the command of the troops, I thought the civil elevation of a Baronetcy ought to be conferred upon me."

Mr. Stephen said that this was an interesting idea. And when Francis' suggestion was presented to Glenelg, the nobleman "with his usual kind manner," remarked: "There is much in what you say." Down, then, to Brighton, to William's Pavilion, goes Francis, to have audience with His Gracious Majesty, and Majesty or some other voice of authority says: "Really you ought not to go out without one," meaning an aide-de-camp. Everybody is standing around saying, "Yes, yes;" but doing nothing. Francis' title, and aide-de-camp, and wages, and apparatus for impressively governing contumelious colonials in the Ontario bush, are of

trifling interest to anyone in London but Francis. And the prim Mr. Stephen has sent him a cart-load of "correspondence" anent the Upper Canadians, which he must, with speed, absorb: an appalling turgid flood of contentious letterpress, hastily to be swallowed and digested; he must also demand baronetcies and chaffer about expenses, aide-de-camps, official pomp. It is a crowded hour.

Glenelg hands him a heavy document of many pages; his lordship's "Instructions" as to how the problems presented by Upper Canadian politics are to be met; a long-winded effort full of unimaginative writing. Of supreme interest, doubtless to the Upper Canadians. Francis, muddled by his troubles about his aide-de-camp, his pursuit of his baronetcy, brings his "ignorance of colonial affairs" to bear upon this document, with such comprehension as we shall later see; and finally gets himself and his aide-de-camp, procured at last after unbelievable pother, shipped aboard a Liverpool packet boat bound for New York. And even then he is pursued by further official humiliations. As the ship "was actually moving out of the harbor an official letter was handed to him which cancelled the aide-de-camp's appointment."

Francis quivered with resentment; the Government's behaviour all through this appointment seemed to have been inspired by the most crawling motives, and Francis is not without an idea as to

the cause of these persistent attempts to lower or debase the dignity of his official position. The government "were so intoxicated by the insane theory of conciliating democracy that they actually believed the people of Upper Canada would throw up their hats and be delighted at the vulgarity of seeing the representative of their sovereign arrive among them as an actor of all work, without dignity of station or demeanour or conduct." Francis' lip curls in scorn. The ship is moving down the Mersey to the Channel; he begs Lieutenant Halkett to come as his guest, if not as official aide-de-camp, and Mr. Halkett agrees; he had, fortunately, secured a leave of absence for a year.

What a sequence of absurdities! From paupers in Kent to this reeling deck outward bound for a colonial governorship. Portfolios full of despatches, instructions, Grievance Reports, Journals of Assembly—bags stuffed full of boiling Canadian politics meaning God alone knew what—to read on the voyage, and understand: at least to read. But he had his knighthood, he had an aide-de-camp. He might have little comprehension of Canadian turmoils, but he would make his entry on the official stage of Upper Canada with the appurtenances and dignity appropriate to a King's governor. He would do that, if nothing else. And so he sails away.

V.

IN the "interesting and valuable" colony of Upper Canada, in the year 1835, hell was slowly coming to the boil. And the remarkable thing was that in this interesting colony loyalty was absolutely rampant in the ranks of the two parties who struggled for control. The Tories, the bulwarks of the Executive government, denounced the Reformers as men who, in the wickedness of their hearts, sought to tamper with the Constitution and with the prerogatives of His Revered Majesty. The Reformers heatedly affirmed that their veneration for the constitution and for the King left nothing to be desired, but that the Tories were running a course that would end in His Majesty losing his interesting and valuable colony altogether.

By 1835 the contest had centred on a definite issue, namely, the status and functions of the Executive Council; and the battle-ground of the argument was Pitt's Constitutional Act of 1791. When Francis arrived to govern the colony the political atmosphere was clanging with the impact of rival and antagonistic interpretations of this famous Bill. The point in dispute was this: "Did the Act of 1791

require the Lieutenant-Governor to govern in consultation with his Executive Council?" The Tories declared that it did not. The Reformers insisted that it did. Each side proved its case from the same document; and they were calling each other liars, and worse, when Francis arrived with his title, his aide, his portfolios of official paper, and his curly head.

What did Francis know about this deep dispute? What did he know about the Act of 1791? Or what Pitt meant? What did the Man in the Moon know? Not a tittle less. Francis, however, had galloped up and down the Cordillera mountains; and wrecks—of ships and silver syndicates—he had practical knowledge of them; he knew how to tear down the ruins left by a fire; and how a lasso should be whirled; further, he had been at the Battles of Ligny and Waterloo. With this equipment he arrives at Toronto to become the central figure in the political storm; to govern till the heavens fall. He has his title, his aide, his trumpeters, his paraphernalia of office: all this he has, even if he never heard of the Act of 1791 until ten days ago. And Francis is not the man to doubt his own capacity. With what he has he plunges into the dispute.

Before Francis had been a week in Upper Canada he diagnosed the disease which was gnawing like a canker in the bowels of that valuable colony, and he decided that the only cure for it was a vigorous

purge; it was surely appropriate that, having discovered the disease, his should be the hand to dose the patient and administer the drench. The disease was Democracy. There was a species of pestilent men in Upper Canada who called themselves Reformers. They were the focal points of the disturbance. The Reformers, as it happened, were in the majority in the House of Assembly; they were demanding that the Governor should govern through an Executive Council responsible to the majority in the Assembly; and they were insisting on this with a pertinacity and a clamor which, to the Tory minority, who had hitherto controlled the Governors and manipulated the Province, seemed both vulgar and treasonable. In their devotion to "constitutionalism" the Tories insisted on keeping the affairs of executive government in the privileged seclusion of a clique known familiarly as "the oligarchy" or "the Family Compact", and the Reformers in the House of Assembly were pressing the Oligarchy rather heavily when Francis arrived from England.

Francis having studied the situation carefully for a few moments, having Glenelg's parched "Instructions" for his guide, and having found William Lyon Mackenzie, one of the leading Reformers, personally offensive, saw of course at once that Democracy, Responsible Government, Executive Responsibility to the Assembly, Popular Institutions, or whatever name the foul thing took,

must be stamped out. Obviously there was nothing else for a loyal man to do. Francis looked across the border to the American Republic and shuddered violently. But Francis was a magnanimous gentleman, and before he ran these Reformers out of public life he decided to reason with them in a paternal spirit. He knew they were misguided; and although it might be true he was a stranger, even, perhaps, an ignorant stranger, he felt it was his duty to explain benevolently to Mackenzie and Baldwin and Rolph and Bidwell, who were leading reformers, that the reading of the Act of 1791, which gave the Family Compact control of the government, was the only one a really loyal man could accept.

Mackenzie, a little Highlander full of Celtic fire, an active, fiery citizen, temperamental and explosive, boiled with fury at the fatuous Englishman and could not look him in the face for rage. Robert Baldwin, a dry, sad-looking lawyer, who saw right into the heart of the matter, was grieved in his solemn way at the imbecility and injustice of poor Francis. So was Bidwell, another melancholy legalist who had suffered already for Reform's sake at the hands of the Oligarchy. Rolph, however, a doctor of medicine, a choleric dashing citizen, looked shrewdly at Francis and thought he might be "worked"; a belief which the course Francis proceeded to adopt seemed, at least, to render plausible.

Because Francis had decided that the Reformers must be won back to grace: Kindness first. He would reason with these misguided, but, no doubt, well-meaning men, and presently they would see the darkness and the dangers which beset their way, and with gratitude would acknowledge their offences against "loyalty," and admit that true patriotism required that the people of the province should forever be shut out from the Executive government. And to show how sincere he was for their welfare, and for the soundest constitutional government, Francis, discovering that his Executive Council had shrunk to three members, decided to strengthen it by adding three more—and the three he asked to join were the Reformers: Baldwin and Rolph, and Mr. John Henry Dunn. With this fine gesture he began his line of policy.

OFFICIAL PAPER

VI.

FRANCIS is not trustworthy when he is writing down dates, and in tracing his performances through their chronological sequence as he himself gives it, the mistakes he allows to pass, even in a book as hastily thrown together as his "Narrative", are perplexing. In a despatch to Glenelg, written from Government House, Toronto, on "February 5, 1836," he reminds his Lordship: "that I arrived in Toronto on the 23rd ult." By "ult." he meant the month of January. At the end of this same despatch he inserts the message he sent to "each house of parliament, headed as follows:—Government House, 13th January, 1836." This indicates that he sent his message to each house ten days before he arrived in Toronto. He then informs the Houses of Parliament that he transmits to them: "the communication alluded to in his speech to the two Houses of the Legislature on the 27th inst." (January.) We have, consequently, if we take his own dates, Francis informing the two Houses of Parliament, ten days before he arrived in Toronto that he

is sending them the documents he had mentioned in in a speech he did not make for another fortnight. His dates, we see, leave much to be desired. Mackenzie's biographer says that Francis opened the 1836 session of the Legislature on January 14th, "having just arrived in the province as lieutenant-governor." Francis as we saw, says he arrived on the 23rd of January. Thus we have him opening the legislature in state, and reading the King's message, in person, on the 14th and then arriving on the 23rd, and then being sworn in as lieutenant-governor on the 25th or 26th, we do not know which; arriving, as it were, in reverse, but, irrespective of dates, arriving, and reading his message simultaneously with his arrival. That is the point of importance; it means that before Francis began his dealings with the Reformers—Mackenzie, Bidwell, Baldwin, and their colleagues—he had divulged Glenelg's Instructions, and in Glenelg's constipated ideas the reform party saw the stultification of their hopes. When Francis and they came together to discuss the political facts of Upper Canada the Reformers were already disillusioned men; as for Robert Baldwin, a cloud of melancholy seems to have settled on his mind, a funereal solemnity invests his letters, his accent is that of a man at the bedside of death; he has no faintest gleam of hope from this Sir Francis Head. Baldwin gazes, sad-eyed, into the future and sees darkness and ruin

impending; darkness rent by the darting red tongues of gun flashes; dead men; burnings at midnight; his mind is heavy with forebodings. A colonial minister with a costive mind; a Lieutenant-Governor hollow between the ears; what grounds for hope do these offer to intelligent men? Baldwin gives himself up to melancholy and fears the worst.

And then arrives the message from Francis asking him to become a member of the Executive Council. Baldwin looks more wearied than ever and says: "Oh, dear; no, no, of course, I won't join his Council." "Why not, Baldwin, why not?" "Because," the intelligent Baldwin replies, fatigued by this stupidity, "because we insist that His Excellency shall govern through his Council; that his Council shall be responsible to the House of Assembly. But Glenelg says 'not so'; listen, please, to Glenelg's flatulence:—

"Without entering on the one hand unnecessarily into a discussion of those general principles, to which my attention is thus invited, or digressing on the other hand into personal topics, it is enough for me to observe on the present occasion that experience would seem to show that the administration of public affairs in Canada is by no means exempt from the control of a sufficient practical responsibility. To His Majesty and to Parliament, the Governor of Upper Canada is at all times most fully responsible for his official acts."

Baldwin sighs. "Well," he continues, "this Sir Francis takes his stand on that; he regards himself as responsible to the King; not responsible to an Upper Canada Executive Council which in its turn

is responsible to the majority in the Upper Canada House of Assembly; tell him he must govern as the Assembly, through the Council advises him, and he will go mad. Yet that is what we demand. It is the last thing he will accept. Why should I join a Council of Straw? A dummy Council? A Council of Emptiness and Pretence? I will not do it. Tell His Excellency I will not join his council." In some such style we imagine the melancholy Baldwin. Furthermore, he tells the substance of this, personally, to Francis himself.

Francis, however, fortified by Glenelg's dictum that the Governor is responsible only to the King, thinks, nevertheless, that it might be well to have a few of these Reformers on the Council. He could then test them out, drag up concealed treason and bring it to daylight. Also, the presence of notable Reformers on the Council would surely gratify the agitators and calm the demands for reform, now very clamorous indeed. Putting Reformers on the Council would suggest some sort of recognition of the Assembly's existence; but Francis, of course, would himself carefully retain the governing authority. Thus, perchance, he reasoned.

There were similar reasoners among the Reformers. "Accept," they urged upon Baldwin. "Accept, and when you are a Councillor you can advise Sir Francis and he, peradventure, may be guided by your advice, you, meanwhile, being res-

possible to the Assembly; and thus precedents will be established; responsibility of the Governor to the Assembly will glide imperceptibly into conventional usage and soon establish itself as constitutional practice." It is Baldwin's own father and the reformer Rolph who urge him. He listens. He goes into consultation with these two and with Dunn—John Henry Dunn, who "had long held the office of receiver-general,"—"through consultation," and these hopeful politicians overpower him. We print his own description of the meeting:—

"It was in the course of that consultation," says poor Baldwin, "pressed upon me that as the principle of responsibility although long before the public had never yet been practically acted upon, and that taking it for granted (as it was but justice to His Excellency to do) that His Excellency, although mistaken in his views of the constitution of the country, might yet be sincerely desirous of governing according to that constitution, and that in that case all that would be found necessary was to convince him that the views and principles I had opened to him were just and constitutional to ensure their adoption, or the procurement of His Excellency's influence to obtain their adoption . . . it would perhaps not be performing our duty to His Excellency or the country were we, after his having gone thus far to meet our views, peremptorily to refuse all concession on our part."

Quaint reasoning. "To this view," adds the doleful Baldwin, "I gave a reluctant consent," and, "as an experiment," he, with Rolph and Dunn, joined the Executive. This was, perhaps, February 20, 1836. On that date the theory of Responsible Government in Canada glimmered faintly towards realization out of the vapors of contention and

argument. Two men pledged and bound to it were on the Governor's Council; links between him and the people's representatives in the Assembly; ready to "advise" His Excellency on all points, and advise him in accordance with the will of the Assembly's majority. It was an auspicious event. Both camps—of reform, of reaction—looked on with palpitating interest, watching this experiment, waiting for the fruits it would produce. They had not long to wait.

VII.

FRANCIS himself says that the Tories, when they saw Baldwin and Rolph join the Executive Council, thought he was lost. Francis singles out Rolph as the demon in whom danger lay. Baldwin he seems to regard contemptuously. Rolph, however, was a devil. "The subtle, persuasive eloquence of Dr. Rolph, whose treasonable principles were, by several intelligent people, justly estimated, induced many to think that from the moment he became a member of my Executive Council I was lost." But Francis was safeguarded by the most invincible of all fortifications—stupidity. Let none of his good friends fear for him; Rolph's eloquence was helpless against a vacuum; Francis had foreseen the dangers and knew how to meet them. So he would have us believe. What we think is that he appointed the reform members to give his Executive Council a popular appearance; and then had his error laid bare to him by the Tory leaders. By having it carefully explained, he grasped the significance of what he had done. The sort of consultation his Reform Councillors expected him to indulge in would reduce the Governor to a mere recorder of

the Assembly's will. As soon as he actually realized this he acted with promptitude and with effect; he had, of course, Glenelg's instructions to reinforce him; also the Act of 1791, which at least afforded excellent material for legal argument. He would never, positively, tolerate "consultation" of that sort: why it was treason. Well, he would act. He had appointed these people who imagined they were to be consulted; and he acted by not consulting them at all. He ignored their existence as a Council; they were as potent in the Government of Upper Canada as corpses. On these conditions let them remain Executive Councillors for as long as they chose. Their teeth were drawn.

They were appointed on February 20th, 1836; thirteen days later, March 4th, they had had enough of it. Rolph's "insidious eloquence" had made converts of the "three old members of the Council"—Peter Robinson, George H. Markland and Joseph Wells; the gloomy Baldwin had never had any hopes—had given "a reluctant consent" to this "experiment;" and John Henry Dunn—a shadow this John Henry, a mere name in these records, and in Sir Francis Head's records not even a name, only a dash; referred to by Francis thus: "I have great pleasure in learning that you, Dr. Rolph and Mr. ——— accept the invitation I make to you, by joining the Ex. Council." Mr. ——— is John Henry, reduced to less even than a name, to a

nonentity—yet he was long receiver-general and must have had some substance of mind as well as of body—at any rate, he too agrees that this neglect will not do; therefore, on March 4th, they write a letter to Francis and tell him it will not do, setting out their reasons, all in order, and based on the blessed constitution of 1791, which means all things to all men. It is a grievous, grieved, heavy, lugubrious piece of penwork, this letter, obviously by Baldwin, complaining of neglect, complaining of the “unconstitutional abridgment of the duties of the Ex. Council,” which is causing unhappy and troubled conditions in the Province; and going into the intent and meaning of this constitutional act at some length and declaring:—

“From the language of this statute, therefore, it appears:—First: That there is an Ex. Council. Secondly: That they are appointed by the King. Thirdly: That they are appointed to advise the King and His Representative upon the *‘affairs of the Province’*—no particular affairs are specified; no limitation to any particular time or subject. As the Constitutional Act prescribes to the Council the latitude of the *‘affairs of the Province’* it requires an equal authority of law to narrow those limits, or relieve the Council from a co-extensive duty.”

They tell Francis plainly his action in neglecting them is not lawful; they tell him “that neither will public expectation be satisfied nor contentment be restored until the system of local government is altered, and conducted according to the true spirit, and meaning of the Constitutional Act,” and they tell him, finally, that if he does not intend to govern

according to this "true spirit and meaning" then they "most respectfully pray that they may be allowed to disabuse the public from a misapprehension of the nature and extent of the duties confided to them;" to tell the public they are straw councillors, with no more influence than corpses on the government. Signed Peter Robinson, Markland, Wells, Dunn, Baldwin and the insidious Rolph. This heavy document is handed to Francis on March 4, 1836—keen weather.

Francis sent them their answer the next day, March 5—at least that is its date. It would be absurd to think he wrote it. It is a long, involved and elaborate examination of the Constitutional Act, undertaken to destroy the arguments set out in the Executive Council's letter. Baldwin had contended the Act justified the Council. Francis now contends that the Act annihilates Baldwin's pretensions. Francis had twelve weeks earlier never heard of the Constitutional Act, or the "King's Instructions," or Lord Goderich's "Despatch," or, indeed, of Upper Canada; and in his reply he argues from all these cryptic documents with the sure-footed agility of a constitutional lawyer. There are phrases and turns in the reply which are his: lofty locutions; but the argument and its skilful presentation are not his—how could they be? And just as the Executive Council proved their case from the Constitutional Act, so Francis' letter-writer, with equal skill, re-

futes the Executive Council from the same Act. A useful Act: Francis takes his stand upon it firmly; tells the Council:—

“The Lieutenant-Governor maintains that the responsibility to the people of this Province (who are already represented by their House of Assembly) which the Council assume, is unconstitutional; that it is the duty of the Council to serve *him*, not *them*; and that if upon so vital a principle, they persist in a contrary opinion he foresees embarrassments of a most serious nature, for as power and responsibility must, in common justice, be inseparably connected with each other, it is evident to the Lieutenant-Governor, that if the Council were once to be permitted to assume responsibility, they would immediately as their right, demand the power, in which case, if the interest of the people should be neglected, to whom could they look for redress?”

Francis is thus explicit: “he will never allow his Ex. Council officially to assume that heavy responsibility which he owes to his sovereign as well as to the people of this Province,” and if this does not suit the Council then far be it from him to constrain them in his service against their belief, and so—“Farewell.” And the Council accordingly send in their resignations, and Baldwin’s forebodings that the “experiment” would not be successful are justified up to the hilt. The “experiment” presupposed that Francis possessed qualities of intelligence, liberality of mind, power of judgment: altogether a false estimate of Francis. He has his qualities but they are not these. And so, with a powerful constitutional exordium, penned by whom we do not know, he severs himself from this Council which

seeks to be responsible to the people of the Province. He has only been some weeks a governor and he is the vortex of a maelstrom of violent political uproar. Poor Francis, understanding nothing of the impulses which animate "reformers," discharges his "reform" council, complacent in his own self-sufficiency. The men were traitors anyway, he can reflect; and had he not already determined to drag their treason into daylight at the first opportunity, "in order that it might be openly, fairly and constitutionally discussed." He has, then, done this; dragged it to daylight; it will now, he is to find, be discussed—with eagerness, with animation, finally with fury.

VIII.

THERE was a mental defect in Francis; a defect that made him a dupe. He had purged his council by advice: advice of whom? That remains conjecture; but his mental defect is visible in that he took such advice; intelligence would have guided him in other paths.

Glenelg, in London, must have looked dreary when news from Francis began to reach the Colonial Office. Glenelg could have met Baldwin half-way, and granted a "measure of responsibility"; and with this modicum he and Baldwin could have worked and played and slid along in "arguments on the constitution" for long enough, the issue obfuscating itself in clouds of circumlocutions and interpretative distinctions. But no break: no riot. This is proved by Glenelg's orders to Sir A. Campbell, the Tory Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick:—

"In making your selection (for seats in His Majesty's Executive Council), you will not confine yourself to a single class or description of persons, but will endeavor to ensure the presence in the Council of Gentlemen representing the various interests which exist in the Province, and possessing at the same time the confidence of the people at large."

Now there was something with which a supple-minded Governor might have done much. There was the basis Rolph thought Francis might take when the reformers joined the Council. It was far from an admission of the "responsibility" sought by the reformers, but it moved towards that: furthermore, it was Glenelg's cue to Francis on how he should manage himself in Upper Canada, but given too late, September, 1836, Glenelg being "lazy." Francis, however, has a mental defect, and all that Glenelg's hints and nods do, when, tardily, they arrive is to make Francis furious at his prosy superior in London as well as at the Reformers in Toronto. Glenelg, he says frankly, betrayed him. Francis, as we mention, has a notable deficiency inside his skull.

The discharge of the six councillors is immediately "observed with regret" by the "citizens of Toronto," and is perceived "with no small degree of anxiety" by the Commons' House of Assembly. Public meetings convene and His Excellency is bombarded with addresses containing all this regret, and asking that the councillors be called again and this time "consulted." The Assembly "humbly requests Your Excellency to inform this House," etc., why he did this damnable stupidity, and in snorting humility calls for official documents. Francis, or his private, secret expert, pens copious answers, becomes entangled in sharp word-wars with his

subjects; "speaks down" to them: "I shall make it my duty to reply to your address," he says to the people of Toronto, "with as much attention as if it proceeded from either of the branches of the Legislature, although I shall express myself in plainer and more homely language."

So that these Toronto clods will understand this fine educated gentleman. This "plainer and more homely language" brings bitter retorts: "Accept the misgovernment we have so long suffered as explanation for our ignorance; let that be the apology for any alleged necessity for your Excellency's gracious condescension in using plainer and more homely language for the level of our understandings." The House of Assembly forms a Committee to investigate the "trouble between the Governor and his Ex. Council," and the Committee picks up this "homely language" phrase and says with venom, referring to Francis' "reply":—"And both plain and homely enough it is." This Committee also likens him to Rehoboam (who, we discover, chastised Israel with scorpions) and altogether emits a hectic, irritated and intense report, which in its turn draws upon itself some comment. Solicitor-General Hagerman has something to say about it, thus:—

"As a piece of writing, as a literary production, the report is beneath criticism. The dispassionate and intelligent reader of the voluminous document there lying on the table, would search in vain through its pages for dignity of sentiment, patriotic views, or calm, convincing argument illustrative of

truth, and its general style and language is so marked with an utter disregard of all delicacy of feeling and the ordinary courtesies of life, as to render it a disgrace to any legislative body that might sanction its promulgation."

It is now, of course, war between Francis and the whole reform movement. To Glenelg he is inditing enormous denunciations. These reformers are traitors, treason-mongers, advocates of democracy, hateful doctrines of republicanism; his despatches see "reform" and "treason" as the same identical monster. Mackenzie had stated the "reform" demands as follows:—

"The people of Lower Canada, and the Upper Canadian Reformers especially direct their views to four important objects, not one of which will be conceded, as I believe, until it be too late. They are: *an elective legislative council*, an Executive Council responsible to *public opinion*; the control over the whole provincial revenue to be in the legislature; and the *British Parliament* and the Colonial Office to cease their interference in our *internal concerns*."

On the above demands—mild enough now to contemplate, Francis declaims to Glenelg:—

"I think it is important to record this admission on the part of Mr. Mackenzie of the traitorous object which the reformers of this province have in view."

It is treason that Francis sees in men like Baldwin and Mackenzie, and it is this treason he thinks the dull Glenelg in London is abetting by his imbecile "concessions to Democracy." Presently he is saying to Glenelg:—"I need hardly observe to your lordship that the British constitution was granted to the inhabitants of the

Canadas, merely for the internal government of *their own property* and *their own* affairs; not to entitle them to claim possession of the property of the parent state!" Six months earlier he had not known the Constitutional Act, or Canada, or Glenelg existed; and now he is telling the depressed minister why Pitt framed the thing. Glenelg had picked Francis out of bed at midnight to govern Canada; let Glenelg bear his own grief; he chose it. But in Canada it is different. They had been calling one another liars before Head arrived; now they call him a liar too. There is heat and fury, and fierce public meetings whereat the supporters of Francis seize, collar, Mr. T. D. Morrison, reformer, Mayor of Toronto, and shake him till his teeth rattle. We shall meet Mr. T. D. Morrison later. Francis, however, is labelled liar—"It is our solemn duty to assure you that the conduct of Sir Francis Bond Head has been alike a disregard of constitutional government, and of *candour and truth* in his statements to you. (Signed) W. W. Baldwin, President." Add to this that Mr. George Ridout, feeling desperately aggrieved at Francis, is said to declare in public:—"This Head should be tarred and feathered, and I, Ridout, would lend a hand to do so." Worse even—"Individuals of low station" have been heard to declare in public "that the Lieutenant-Governor was the d——est liar and d——est rascal in the Province."

The sad Baldwin has retired from this brawl; he never had hopes; the experiment was doomed before it was tried. Francis is in the hands of, is surrounded by, "secret, sinister" advisers who are reform's deadly foes; the defect in Francis' skull is played upon with skill; the reformers with their indecent claim that the Governor must accept consultation with a Council responsible to the Assembly, have been thrown out; the next step is to throw out the reformers from the Assembly itself, where, for the time, they have a majority. So Francis defies the lightning. Dissolves the Assembly, and asks the loyal voters of Upper Canada to crush this monster of Democracy back into its noisome lair. He has been five months in the Province. He was longer than five months wrecking his gold syndicate; but, evidently, he becomes speedier with experience.

IX.

FRANCIS dissolved his uproarious Commons' Assembly on May 28, 1836. On April 28th, one month earlier, Francis "had just learned that Mr. Robt. Baldwin, one of the Executive Council, leaves Toronto this day for London"; for the recovery of his health, is the ostensible excuse; "but," says Francis, "it is acknowledged by his party that he will be prepared to answer any questions which the Government may feel disposed to put to him." And Francis sees an ulterior motive in Baldwin's trip. He goes to complain; to lay complaints of Francis with Glenelg. Francis writes to his lordship: "Snub this Baldwin; give him that style of answer which will at once put an end to that sort of left-handed attack on the constitution." (Francis by now being the constitution.) And then on May 28th, Baldwin being a month gone, Francis reads his disaffected Reform Assembly out of existence. We will have a new election, please God; we will discover if, with a little management and determination, we cannot make justice see reason. Constitution must be upheld at all costs—corruption, violence, bribery—at all costs. Francis denies

these, naturally. And the election campaign proceeds.

On July 8, 1836, Francis sends despatch No. 56 to Glenelg, saying:—"My lord, the important subject of this despatch is to inform your Lordship of the result of the elections," etc., etc. The gist of it is that the Reformers are overwhelmed. "The struggle was a desperate one; I am happy, however, to inform your lordship that the result has been successful, and that truth and justice have as usual prevailed";—with the aid of bribery and violence. These denied. But the main thing is that truth and justice in some way or other have heaved the reform members out of their seats. In the Uproarious Assembly they had a majority of eleven. In this new "Bread and Butter Assembly," so called from Francis having told the electors that if they did not vote for his candidates they would "quarrel with their own bread and butter," the reformers are, all told, some eighteen: Tories forty-four. Truth and Justice have certainly prevailed with vigor. Francis says, with enthusiasm:—

"Among the Republicans who have *lost* their election are the following names:—

"1. Mr. Speaker Bidwell, the twin or Siamese companion of Mr. Speaker Papineau.

"2. Mr. Peter Perry, the most powerful, as well as the leading speaker of the Republicans.

"3. Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, the Chairman of the Grievance Report, and arch agitator of the province."

Truth and justice, then, have prevailed. The reformers are broken and scattered in confusion. The solemn Bidwell is looking graver than ever now. The sad Baldwin is away in London, and things are not going well with him or reform there. The fiery Mackenzie is darting about in wrath filing election protests which produce nothing in an Assembly of 44 to 18: with such a majority against him what did Mackenzie expect? What are majorities, acquired at all costs, for? Mackenzie has a newspaper; let him fill its columns with fire-charged letterpress if he wants surcease for his choler. And this he does:—

“Words cannot express my contempt at witnessing the servile, crouching attitude of the country of my choice. If the people felt as I feel, there is never a Grant or Glenelg who crossed the Tay and Tweed to exchange high-born Highland poverty for substantial lowland wealth, who would dare to insult Upper Canada with the official presence as its ruler, of such an equivocal character as this Mr. what do they call him—Francis Bond Head.”

However, the substance of it is that Francis is in power. He has vindicated himself. He has asserted in triumph his independence, “non-responsibility” to a Council which represents the desires of the Commons’ Assembly. He has crushed “Responsible Government.” He has proved that “The people of Upper Canada detest democracy.” It is July, 1836, and he has done all this in six months; he awaits approval from the sluggish Glenelg in London, and prepares to go on with

his government. He thought he had won his battle.

Baldwin, meanwhile, is in London. While Francis, abetted by his new Tory Assembly, proceeds to govern without the assistance of his Executive Council (except when he has the inclination to consult them), Baldwin is in London, ostensibly to recover his health. Baldwin, however, as Francis surmised, was in London as much for the health of Upper Canada as for his own; and Baldwin intimates to the Foreign Office a desire to be received by Lord Glenelg. Perhaps, if he can see this expert on mythology face to face he may be able to enlighten him somewhat. And he has come a long way. Three thousand miles.

But Glenelg "declines." Baldwin is left standing on his lordship's doorstep. Glenelg had sent messengers post-haste at midnight to fetch Francis, who knew nothing about Upper Canada, to be Governor of Upper Canada. He now declines to see Baldwin, who knows all about Upper Canada, Baldwin having crossed land and ocean to get to him. Baldwin can stand on this Glenelg's doorstep and stop there. So he does not get in. Think how sad his sad face is now. It is intimated to Mr. Baldwin that if he has anything to communicate to the Colonial Secretary he may send him a letter; the mails are open to everybody. Well, "Mr. Baldwin" certainly has something to communicate and

he must do what he can; if writing is the only means of access to this exclusive mythologist, then Baldwin will write. So he returns to his lodgings, 4 Trinity Court, Charing Cross, London, and on July 13, 1836, he writes his letter to Glenelg, sketches out the political principle which is, finally, to lift Canada out of Colonial subordination and withdraw it from Downing Street tutelage. Here is the core of Robert Baldwin's advice to Glenelg:—

“Put the Executive Council permanently on the footing of a local Provincial Cabinet, holding the same relative position to the representative of the King and the Provincial Parliament, as that on which the King's Imperial Cabinet stands with respect to the King and the Parliament of the Empire and applying to such Provincial Cabinet both with respect to their appointment to and continuation in office, the same principles as those which are acted upon by His Majesty with respect to the Imperial Cabinet in England.”

This, said Baldwin, is the only remedy which will: 1. Enable Britain to retain the colony. 2. Tranquillize the turmoil then proceeding. “But,” says Baldwin to Glenelg, “Do not delay too long in applying the remedy or you will consolidate the reform forces in the demand for an elective Legislative Council, but it will only be a means to an end and when this state of things arrives be assured that England will have lost the last hold upon the *affections* of the great mass of the people of Upper Canada.” Furthermore, if these proposals are too wide for the Act of 1791, then let that Act be enlarged so that it can contain them, because

otherwise there is no constitutional virtue in that Act.

All this Baldwin writes out of his troubled mind on July 13, 1836, in his lodgings at Trinity Court, Charing Cross, London. A fine summer day, perhaps, with the sun warming London's roofs and shining on this window at No. 4, Trinity Court, where the solitary long-faced Canadian, far from the sunlight and sparkling waters of Ontario, sits with his goose-quill, scratching out the charter of his country. Some London lodging-house; a rag carpet on the floor, bleak appointments, seedy furniture, a black fire-place, half-burnt candles in their sticks upon the mantel. We would give much to see into that room, and Baldwin in his shirt sleeves—it being July and midsummer—writing his words that go to the heart of this Canadian crisis. Ladies and gentlemen of fashion riding in the park; London, and England going through the hours as on any other day; and the solitary, lonesome colonial scratching his words of portent unheeded by any man of all those millions; unheeded especially by one man, Glenelg, to whom this monumental letter is sent; who, being requested:—"do not delay too long"—pays no heed to it at all; perhaps does not read it, or even see it; it passes into a pigeon hole and vanishes, absorbed in the circumlocutions of the Colonial Office. Baldwin goes home. It is all over.

Reform has tried "peaceful means," and has been insulted, slandered, attacked, defeated, dispersed. Is this, then, the end? Is there not another way? The citizens of Toronto have an announcement to make. "If your excellency," they say to Francis, "will not govern us by these (reform) principles, you will exercise arbitrary sway, you will violate our charter, virtually abrogate our law, and justly forfeit our submission to your authority." "Here," says Mackenzie, is "the first low murmur of insurrection." Francis has reached his crisis; hell is nearing its boiling point; but he goes forward in his folly thinking he has dammed the rushing tide by breaking down the dykes; quenched the fire by flooding it with oil. We now leave this wrangle of "official paper" and enter the sphere of deeds. It is plain there is no virtue in constitutions which mean all things to all men, or in Ministers who summon ignorance post haste, and shut their doors against knowledge. At least so thinks Mackenzie; and he is not alone. The time for action, patently, has arrived. So we proceed to act.

TO ARMS, YE BRAVE!

X.

WELL, then, gentlemen, all soft measures of reason having failed us at home and abroad we must bethink ourselves of means whereby reason may be, as it were, strengthened. This country is in the hands of fraudulent men, suborners, perjurers, thieves, and liars; persons so full of evil intent and practice that we sicken at the sight of them; gross, brutal men engaged with diligence in the ruin of this "valuable and interesting colony;" these unworthies have for forty years by strength and unscrupulous conduct seized upon the avenues and powers of government, corrupting lieutenant-governors, sharing out this province among their heads and their henchmen as robbers share plunder—land grants, 5000 acres to each executive councillor, 1200 acres each to councillors' children, 1200 acres to one child three days old; 1200 acres, says common talk, to one child before he emerges from the womb; his heritage of public lands opted for him in advance.

Accounts in chaos. "The Welland Canal," says the intelligent Mr. Preston ("Three Years' Residence in Upper Canada, 1837-1839") "though in active operation for several years, has been so injudiciously constructed as to involve an annual expenditure in repairs alone surpassing the whole amount derived from it in tolls, notwithstanding that these have been steadily increasing." Mr. Francis Hincks, engaged to examine Welland Canal accounts, has already said, and now, September 16, 1836, repeats: "As to the Welland Canal books, I am willing to stake my character on the truth of it, that for several years they are full of false and fictitious entries; so much so that if I was on oath I could hardly say whether I believe there are more true or false ones." Welland Canal—great "public work", built with public money: a mere conduit of corruption.

And here are some queer transactions. Rev. J. Cogan for reasons known to himself—and the oligarchy—surrenders to the government thirty-six acres of land with a house on it and receives in exchange one thousand and twenty acres. Rev. B. Cronyn surrenders four acres and a house and receives one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two acres as solatium. These are only two of many. "Exchanges," surely, but of the most remarkable lack of balance. And the land so acquired does not pass to their successors in these pastorates: the "transfers" are "enrichments." The land "becomes

their own property and it will not belong to their successors."

Corruption everywhere. "Nepotism" flourished. This Government, Oligarchy, Family Compact, divided up the public offices among its relatives and supporters. The saintly John Beverly Robinson, head of the Oligarchy, is Chief-Justice, President of the Executive Council, and Speaker of the Legislative Council all together "for several years." The Archdeacon of York, Strachan, whose face was red and whose nerves were "excellent", is as follows:

"He is an Executive Councillor, a legislative Councillor, President of the College and member of its council, a Civil Magistrate, Rector of York, Missionary to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, member of the Land Council, President of the Provincial Board of Education, Senior member of the Boards of Education in Eleven Districts, and a very extensive land-owner, receiver of the new Glebe rents, member of the Clergy Corporation, one of the principal Proprietors of the Province Bank, Archdeacon of the Church of England, Commissioner under the Heir and Devisee Act for proving letters to estates, a Trustee of the Royal Institution, and, in fact, holds more situations than I can call to my remembrance." (Grievance Report Appendix.)

"I had," says Mackenzie, "long seen the country in the hands of a few shrewd, crafty, covetous men, under whose management one of the most lovely and desirable sections of America remained a comparative desert." And the only remedy—an Executive Council which could have carried into the Government the will of the people—an Executive Council responsible to the Assembly, and so

advising the Governor—destroyed and thrown out of consideration by Sir Francis Head and the “shrewd, crafty, covetous men” who had made Francis their willing tool. No hope, no justice till these were denuded of their political power, and to do this all “constitutional” means had failed. The Reformers were voted out of the Assembly; Bidwell, Perry, and Mackenzie (“the arch agitator of this province”), losing their seats. Only 14 reformers left in the Assembly; and Baldwin repulsed in London, reduced to inditing himself in ink to the exclusive *Glenelg*. The long, tedious, incomprehensible turmoil of argumentation over whether the Constitutional Act established an Executive Council or did not do so, had been ended at the ballot box—the bribed and intimidated ballot box—(denied officially, certainly)—and the reformers cast out to bite their fingers in vexation, while Francis and his “loyal” supporters governed in triumph. At least so it seemed to promise in this summer of 1836.

This promise, however, was illusory. “Reform,” cast out of official position, merely flares and flames with greater heat; there is a year of letter-writing, and newspaper activity, and by the summer of 1837 pronounced fumes of “insurrection” can be sniffed in the political atmosphere, it having become time for all patriots “to bestir themselves,” and we proceed then to organize our revolution.

Action! Bodies and not words will now decide

this thing; the clauses of the Constitutional Act shall be interpreted by gun-fire. Mr. Solicitor-General Hagerman, with his distressing harangues against reformers (harangues, moreover, which draw long and vociferous applause from the gallery—obviously a “packed” Tory gallery) can leave off speech-making and betake himself to other weapons; so can the saintly Robinson, who possesses all earthly virtue that clay can hold and three high offices; so can Strachan, Archdeacon, of red face, excellent nerves and numerous offices; so, too, can our Francis, engaged now in a violent letter-war with Lord Glenelg, who becomes drier and drier in London; Francis, with his endless gushes of advice, reproach, exhortation, being by now a great weariness to the fatigued Glenelg; Francis is soon to be called suddenly from his inkpot to marshall himself for battle.

All through his turmoil with the reformers, Francis has a belief, a strange belief—as might be expected from him—to wit, that the best way to meet the approaching revolution—if one were coming—is to send away the soldiers. He has some soldiers, some cannon, four thousand stand of muskets, military equipment to keep Mackenzie’s sedition crouching, impotent, in his own excitable heart; but Francis sends away his soldiers to Sir John Colborne in Lower Canada; Francis, if treason lifts its horrid head, will rely on the “loyalty”

of the citizens to meet and overpower treason. His strategy was to lure the rebels on: "I considered that, if an attack by the rebels was inevitable, the more I encouraged them to consider me defenceless the better. I purposely dismissed from the Province the whole of our troops."

So Francis has sent off the soldiers, while Mackenzie, convinced that freedom must be won by fighting for it, has been organizing revolution; organization work achieving a definite starting date, seemingly, on July 28, 1837. On this day there is a meeting of reformers at Mr. John Doel's brewery in Toronto, and a plan "for uniting, organizing and registering the Reformers of Upper Canada as a political Union" is adopted.

XI.

REVOLUTIONARY paper now begins to get itself mysteriously concocted. Leading conspirators emerge from the background of the reform movement and proceed to "conspire"; and leading reformers proceed to efface themselves and evaporate from these councils of violence.

Thus Dr. Rolph, "the insidious Rolph," becomes conspirator in chief with Mackenzie, who is the volcano of the movement; and Dr. Morrison, quondam Mayor of Toronto, who on an occasion had himself shaken by the Tory mob till his teeth trembled, he is an arch conspirator too; but now it is his knees and not his teeth that shake; and this time of their own volition: a queer timorous conspirator, but there, nevertheless, he is. Other figures appear—Samuel Lount, member of the legislature for Simcoe county; he too takes to guns and pistols and gets himself hanged for treason; because this revolution, of course, is treason; and Peter Matthews, ardent for reform, is a conspirator in arms, too; and he also gets his neck broken in a halter. These, and others, loom up as "fighting men"; apostles of freedom of the practical kind; if

not full brothers to Oliver of old and his iron troopers, remote cousins, perhaps, and, at least, staggering into the path the Ironsides trod with thunder. The stake, once again, is freedom, and the smooth expositions of speechifiers and ministers and other talkers—interminable, suffocating webs of stifling, stupefying speech—have got, at last, to be cut into, exploded, dissipated, blown up, blown away, by strength of heart and arm. Treason! They were all treasons—Runymead, Oliver's Revolution, Valley Forge. All great treasons; commemorated now by monuments of honor to their instigators. Well, here is treason again, and these are some of the names who appear on the side of revolt—doctors of medicine, editors, hewers, hatters, etc.—lawyers not conspicuous.

Baldwin and Bidwell do not appear. Baldwin, overcome no doubt by melancholy, will not lend his gloomy countenance to this "rash" experiment. Bidwell will not join; but surreptitiously, at night, on the quiet, he will give advice; there is no mad irrational flame of freedom in their legalized anatomies; to march up into the enemies' bowels with a pike and shot-gun and amend the national status in that fashion is not for them; so they are not, visibly, in this thing. But still they are in it: who could, after all, keep out of a thing like this?

Revolutionary paper, then, begins to be "produced." Dr. Rolph and a certain O'Grady draft a

"declaration" which is discussed at a meeting in Elliott's Tavern on the corner of Yonge and Queen Streets. The purpose of the Declaration is to join forces with the rebels in Lower Canada (also in a state of blow-up) "to seek an effectual remedy for the grievances of the colonists." Dr. Morrison introduces the resolution, and suggests that as he and other "heads" are members of the Legislature, they be not asked to sign it. Put their names to it. Incriminate themselves. The Doctor will insurrect and so forth but has scruples about signing his name on certain kinds of papers.

But it will not do. James Lesslie, a long-headed patriot, says pointedly that if the professional politicians who draw up these papers will not sign them how can inexperienced, non-political citizens who are merely decent plain merchants, be expected to put their names to them? James will have none of this timidity. The politicians—Morrison, Rolph, will sign or James won't. With trepidation and quiverings in his nervous system Morrison signs; he may tremble, but still, he signs, resolution not altogether shaken out of him by his trembles. He signs.

On July 31, 1837, another meeting is held in Mr. Doel's brewery, which is now brewing more than beer, and a "permanent vigilance committee" is appointed, and Mackenzie becomes its "agent" and "corresponding secretary". Truer, perhaps, to say that Mackenzie regards the committee as his

agent, and he its mainspring, which makes it work; but his official name is "agent." Public meetings are to be held all over the country, and Mackenzie is to "attend" these meetings; put plainly, insurrection is to be stirred up, fomented and kept alive throughout Upper Canada, and Mackenzie, with his fiery, over-riding eloquence, his tongue that understands how mobs should be addressed, carries out the "message." Your "revolution" has got itself organized, and the wheels begin to go round.

There are meetings "in different parts of the country." Mackenzie visits Boltontown, Caledon, Chingacousy, Churchville, etc. Between August and early December, while the forests are dressing themselves in their Autumn splendor, while farmers go out to the reaping and harvest the year's crop, while the sagacious ducks and geese fly after summer to the warm South, while the chill of winter strikes and stiffens the roads and work slows up around the farm yards and men have leisure to exchange opinions on vital matters such as tyranny of lieutenant-governors and governments, through all this rides and spurs Mackenzie, orating, pouring out his reasons why the people must have an executive which is responsible to them; pouring out a lava-torrent of eloquence to prove that this Sir F. Head and this Family Compact of Oligarchy must be swept away. Many of the meetings were tumultuous, and terminated by riot and threats of riot.

Thus, riding away from a tempestuous meeting in Boltontown, and crossing over the Humber bridge, twenty-six "Mackenzie men" are assailed. The enemy seizes a Mackenzie man by the thigh to unhorse him; there is a cry: "Help comrades," and help comes. The Mackenzie men leap from their saddles and fall on the enemy; the bridge rumbles with hollow thuds and stamping; it is body to body, hot fist-work, beard-clutching, stamping, and breathlessness, and tense, furious grunts of rage. The Tories are beaten prostrate, "blood flows freely", the "Mackenzie men" ride off victorious, spurring on to other meetings.

All through the waning of the year 1837 this proceeds. Two hundred meetings are held between August and December; one hundred and fifty vigilance committees, in connection with the Central Committee in Toronto, are formed; and our patriots are practising with their fire-arms; they are becoming marksmen, forming themselves into "rifle clubs" and shooting at turkeys: the patriot who can hit a turkey in the head at a hundred paces may reasonably expect to repeat the performance on a Tory at a later date. Preparedness, in the form of Turkey rifle-clubs, goes forward briskly and the legal Bidwell, who keeps himself from visible entanglements with all this, nevertheless, in his official capacity as man of law, advises that Turkey rifle shoots are "lawful"; trials of skill among rifle-men—lawful,

says the legal Bidwell, knowing in his heart that the skill is aimed, not at turkeys, but at entrenched Executive power, and is, therefore, unlawful to the point of death on the gibbet. "Lawful," says Bidwell. And he keeps out of it. But on the quiet, in the dark, he gives advice.

Pikes, also, are being forged; and drilling, "more or less secretly", is going on; but, the truth is that the patriots are badly armed; there is a scarcity of muskets, and north of Toronto "there was hardly a single bayonet." And so with secret meetings, and gallopings through the townships, and tussles on bridges, and turkeys victimised for freedom's sake, we have arrived at November, 1837, and the pot is just about to boil.

XII.

ON November 11, 1837, the Government of Lower Canada arrests five Lower Canadian "reformers." Lower Canadian patriots are going to decide their differences with their government by force of arms, and they ask the patriots of Upper Canada for support when the time comes. The situation, to Mackenzie, seems favorable and a meeting is held in the house of Mr. John Doel, the brewer, to discuss the event. Some of the names of those present on that November night in Mr. Doel's house on the north-west corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets, are preserved—Dr. Morrison, whom we know; Mr. John McIntosh, a Scotchman, "who formerly owned and sailed a vessel on Lake Ontario"; Mr. John Doel, our seditious brewer, who is, apparently, an Englishman; Mr. Robert MacKay, "a Scotsman and a grocer"; Mr. John Armstrong, "a Scotsman and an axe-maker"; Mr. Timothy Parsons, "an Englishman who kept a dry goods store"; Mr. John Mills, a Scotsman who is by trade a hatter; Mr. Thomas Armstrong, a Scotsman, who is a carpenter "employing several men"; John Elliott, "an Englishman and an

attorney"; and William Lesslie, a bookseller and druggist.

On this winter night then, in Toronto, this group fills Mr. Doel's parlor; gathered in lamp or candle-light, chairs carried in from the other rooms to give them all seats; grave, whiskered, large-faced citizens, men of substance, "doing a good business," "able to live well," on the interest of their money, in long-skirted black coats and round-legged trousers of checked cloth, and blucher boots; fathers of families; met here on a grave issue; grave enough—to decide when a revolution is to be "touched off"; north-west corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets, November of 1837; winter and dark; and away in London Glenelg and Melbourne peevishly or casually interested in "this valuable colony" and nobody else in England's millions bothering their heads. Sir Francis, at the Government House, which, says the sententious Mr. Preston, is a sort of over-grown, parti-colored cottage, one half painted yellow and the other white, is just home from a ride and oblivious to all that matters. Dr. Morrison, in Mr. Doel's crowded parlor "takes the chair."

Mackenzie had called the meeting and he addresses it. First a harangue—the old stuff: House of Assembly packed through fraud, endowed hierarchies, nepotism, abuse, detestable tyranny—all this first; then he asks if all this can be changed by anything short of revolution. But he gets no

reply. They sit and stroke their whiskers; revolution is a serious business to hatters and apothecaries and retired lake skippers; they do not reply.

Mackenzie puts it to them. It is night; there are four thousand stand of arms in the city hall; Sir Francis sits in ignorance in his house with one soldier to guard him; the troops have all marched into Lower Canada:—"O, my friends, is not the hour auspicious; is not this the fated, or the fatal moment when opportunity beckons and must be obeyed; or disobeyed at appalling risks. Send for Dutcher's foundry-men, for Armstrong's axe-makers,—all reliable patriots—and go at once, this night, while the winter stars twinkle above the town, and seize upon Francis, and seize upon the muskets, rouse our friends—innumerable—in town and country, and force Francis to give us Responsible Government; or, if he refuse, go at once for Independence and take the proper steps to obtain and secure it."

Alas! they do not warm up. Here is a fiery precipitation and promptitude that leisurely men of trade cannot rise to. They must go into a rebellion, as into a business transaction, leisurely, chaffering over details, sleeping on it. This wild Highland madness of issuing forth out of Mr. Doel's house into the Toronto streets, the emissaries of freedom, bearing torches and overthrowing the Caesar in the Government House, makes them gasp and turn pale. Their wives expect them home to bed presently; it

is late; they are getting sleepy. Dr. Morrison, who has a palpitation, although he does his best with it, is horrified. "This," he shrills, "is treason." He is not to be "entrapped"; Mackenzie will find the Doctor is "not his man" for this "mad scheme." Nothing comes of it. Revolution is not hatched that night.

But it incubates, nevertheless, to its final emergence. What emerges, however, is void of form and substance; this revolution has no bones on which it can drape itself; no spine in it to give it stiffness and coherence. We are left to deduce other meetings and whisperings and furtive conclaves in back parlors and over shop counters, and then by November 24, thirteen days after the meeting in Mr. Doel's house, a plan has actually got itself agreed to. Patriots are to be rounded up, marshalled on North Yonge Street, the date of rendezvous being set for Thursday, December 7, and Toronto is to be descended upon in the darkness of night and taken. Francis is to be seized, stands of arms to be seized, new constitution (already prepared) to be adopted, provisional government to be substituted for the tyranny of Francis. December 7; all this was to be accomplished in Upper Canada on that night. Rolph is to be "administrator of the Provincial Government."

On November 24, with thirteen days in which to do it, Mackenzie leaves Toronto to raise the country

and set the hosts of freedom marching on Toronto. Dr. Morrison, who had shrilled at treason some days ago, approves this new plan. The gloomy Baldwin denies all knowledge of rebellious preparations; Bidwell has his secret knowledge and his hopes and his fears—serious enough. Dr. Rolph is headed for high office or the gallows; Mackenzie, forty-two years old, little, swathed in top-coats, and shawls and winter boots, his head a cauldron of seething passions and excitements and confusions, goes off spurring to spur this rebellion to a head.

But Francis, by now, is aware of impending dangers, and he has his story, too, and he, too, is making preparations—also void of form and with no spine in them; words mostly, as it turns out. But he talks of fortifications, grape-shot, six-pounders, and loop-holed walls, and a “circumvallation of low earth-works”; Francis being pompous and full of multi-syllabled vocables and wind—whole gales in him. There is also issued a warrant for Mackenzie’s arrest. Says Francis: “Instantly assembling my council (his Executive Council, his Council of Straw-men), with their advice I directed the Attorney-General (Hagerman) to lose not a moment in arresting Mr. Mackenzie for high Treason.” But Francis had already lost his moment. Mr. Mackenzie has departed, muffled up, on horseback, to do a thing; and Francis has no soldiers, so he talks about his loop-holed fort, his lines of pali-

sades, his stockades and circumvallations of low earthworks, all of which has a fine martial "sound," although there are no red-coats to work them. Revolution, we see, is now fairly in the air; it is the air we breathe. The winter is a soft one, streets and roads are "muddy." Mr. Lesslie, druggist, doing a good business, wonders, as he sells mustard plasters and horse liniment for suffering flesh and blood, what is going to happen next. There are grave faces and concealed tremors in Toronto; the explosion is pending. Ears and hearts are strained to listen for it. And the agreed-upon date is at hand.

XIII.

MACKENZIE has done his work. He has spurred over the heavy roads, he has roused his patriots—or thinks he has. They are to assemble on the Seventh. It is now the Third, and he is back, three miles from the city. His patriots will time themselves; they will leave their farms and settlements in time to arrive on the Seventh. But this revolution without a spine, like all spineless concoctions, has shifted, fallen in on itself, not stayed in the same shape; it has changed. Mackenzie has something to learn now which “dismays” him. Rolph, finding that Francis is alarmed and that Mackenzie’s arrest has been ordered, changes the date of the revolution. While Mackenzie is spurring through the distant townships, marshalling the patriots for December 7, Rolph, failing to see through Francis’ shallowness in Toronto sends out orders that the patriots are to assemble on December 4th. Mackenzie is thus back from his long ride, and it is now December 3; and tomorrow patriots, summoned prematurely by Rolph, will arrive; while other patriots, summoned by Mackenzie, will not arrive until the Seventh. Mackenzie is dismayed;

Rolph's trepidation has split the host of freedom in half.

Here is a grand stupidity. Rolph has sent out and summoned Lount; Lount and his detachment of patriots are already on the march and cannot be stopped; it is already the night of December 3. Lount and his patriots will be at rendezvous in a few hours. Mackenzie stamps and rages. Revolution with no spine in it is here seriously jeopardized at the go-off; but there is no remedy. Lount and his premature patriots draw nearer every minute. On the evening of the fourth they arrive, the queerest collection of fire-brands surely, in all history.

Because there is no fire in them. Eighty or ninety patriots—farmers, plough-boys, servant-men, villagers—quite destitute of fire or any element of combustion, led by Lount, who is marching valiantly to the gibbet but does not know it. Patriots have marched thirty-five miles "in deep mud," which seems remarkable, the month being December; but they have at least tramped and floundered over thirty-five miles of tough bush country and they arrive exhausted, drooping, with sore heels and empty stomachs, more concerned about their supper than about Responsible Executive Councils; and here they meet a grievous disappointment: there is no supper for them. Their rendezvous is Montgomery's Hotel, and there is no food for ninety exhausted patriots there, nor beds; only bad whis-

key, on which much may be done, but not by these patriots; they sink on the floor from "sheer fatigue," gulp the bad whiskey and fall asleep. Mackenzie, storming about, packed up in ten overcoats, perched on his little horse, girded by pistols; what can he do?

In all this rebellion you move in mist; shapes refuse to form; the leaders specialize in ignorance; they have no knowledge of essential things, no penetration, no "sources of information," no system of communication; they only know that they do not know: stupid knowledge for a revolt.

Rolph has come out and met Mackenzie but Rolph knows so little of what Francis has done, or can do, that he departs and no plan has been agreed to; and Rolph and Mackenzie are the heads of the rising. Rolph departs and Mackenzie, under warrant for high treason, has his little drove of sodden, frightened, hungry patriots to inspire, and he puts it to them:—"O, my comrades, rouse ye, forget your blistered heels, your empty insides; muster a new strength into your petrified bones and let us march, this night, instanter, upon Toronto and seize it, the ninety of us." The patriots look at him in tired disgust. They will not do that; even in a revolution men must sleep; they think tenderly of their necks, as men will, and refuse to move.

But something must be done before morning come and disclose to Francis rebellion on the hill

three miles north of his valuable and interesting capital. If the patriots will not march in a body, at least let them send volunteers into the city to ascertain "the state of matters there." Mackenzie volunteers to go, and asks for three patriots to accompany him. "Captain" Anderson and Messrs. Shepard and Smith volunteer; it is coming on for nine o'clock, a luminous, starry night; the eternal stars in remote stellar indifference to the fluster and confusion of this handful of ants on this anthill of no importance. In Toronto decent citizens are thinking of going to bed; lamps and candles shine and blink at windows. Dr. Morrison and Dr. Rolph, Messrs. Baldwin and Bidwell; Messrs. Doel and Dutcher and Lesslie, who is a druggist, and McIntosh, who used to navigate a ship; other conspirators, or "sympathisers," or "informed" citizens, stroking their chins, conferring in strained accents, full of perplexity, hesitation, alarm; and out on the hill Mackenzie and his three companions put spurs to their horses. Revolution is about to be announced to the whole world of living men, most of whom do not know that Upper Canada exists; but that is nothing to us, compatriots, strike the rowel to the flank, spur on.

But Francis has friends out too; it does not appear from Francis himself that he sent them out, or even knew they were out; but he has a patrol on the north road:—Mr. John Powell and Mr.

Archibald MacDonald. And Mackenzie and his trio of patriots, riding under the luminous starlight, ride into Mr. Powell and Mr. MacDonald and realize that the clock has struck the hour; these two must be apprehended and detained; it were fatal should it be known in Toronto that Freedom, in spurs and pistols, is riding on Yonge Street. Mackenzie presents a double-barrelled pistol at Messrs. Powell and Macdonald and tells them they are prisoners and demands weapons from them. They have no weapons, or so they say, or so it is said they say, which is not the same thing. "You are prisoners; to the rear with you, under guard." And Mackenzie and Smith ride on to Toronto, and Shepard and Anderson escort the captives towards Montgomery's Hotel, where only bad whiskey is on tap for both food and drink.

But Powell is stout for loyalty, for the tender young Victoria in distant London, and for Francis three miles away in Toronto. It rouses Powell's ire to be led into captivity; he had said, when asked, that he had no weapons; why should he, being a man of courage, say otherwise? He says he has no weapon, and keeps his pistol warm in his breast, under his coat. And he is being led off; and Mackenzie is reconnoitering to attack the unsuspecting town and the unsuspecting Francis, who, properly, ought to have been full of suspicion, and sleepless. Powell gently restrains his horse, lags a

little until he is behind Anderson, upon which, plucking forth his warm pistol he discharges its contents into Anderson's spinal column, something this revolution never had, and Anderson is dead on the instant, dead before his shattered body tumbles on the road. Powell spurs and wheels and leaps into the darkness and snaps off a second pistol at Mackenzie, flashing in the pan, and doing Mackenzie no harm, leaving him, in his ten overcoats, intact but furious and shrilling with excitement as he plunges after the escaping Powell, who is careering on flying horse-hoofs to "alarm" Toronto. Pistol flashes reddening the night. Powell is off. Our revolution has given its first bark. Indeed it has not only barked but bitten, and twice; because while these things are happening another loyal friend of Francis named Moodie, has also started out to warn Toronto that rebellion is abroad in the land; and patriots, endeavoring to detain Moodie have fired gunshots into him at Montgomery's Tavern, and most effectually detained him. Moodie is no more; he will not alarm Francis in Toronto. But Mr. Powell is plunging by a round-about road towards the town; and Mackenzie exasperated out of sanity, is "behaving very queerly."

XIV.

ON THIS night of December 4, Francis, having a headache, has betaken himself to bed in his "parti-colored" shack of a government house, surrounded by his stockades, palisadoes and circumvallations of low earthworks, and has fallen asleep, as he did that night in far-away Kent, when first we met him. A serene winter night, "stars shining bright as diamonds," the air intensely cold, the city covered with snow. Francis has sought repose for some hours now and he is fast asleep, and it is midnight.

Mr. Powell, all breathless, heated, tattered mayhap, the way being through the forest, having debouched himself at last into Toronto, plunges to the Government House and into Francis' dark bedroom, wild-eyed, hot with excitement and footwork over broken roads; Francis, there, on his back, placid in slumber; Mackenzie out on the high road delirious with frustrated treason; cold stars bright as diamonds twinkling above Toronto: what do they care?

"Wake up, Sir Francis!" shouts Powell in his sleeping ear. "Sedition is loose in your valuable and interesting colony." Pull him by the shoulder,

John, and shake him into wakefulness. "For God's sake arouse ye, Sir Governor. Treason with her flaming incendiary torch is marching on your town. Arise and govern swiftly and save us all, you being governor and governing being your job, as you have been insisting this long time. Up, then and govern!"

Francis tells us he got out of bed at once and buckled on cartridge belts, sword belts: the panoply of war; and sallied out into the alarmed streets to see what he could see. The town's bells, by this time, all in motion, jingling out their little stutters of alarm to the wintry heaven; agitated bellmen pulling out of time. The town is alarmed. Francis goes to the city hall and here are other stout loyalists, hot out of nightcaps and bed-clothes, buckling on cartouche belts in the nipping frost. Francis has a short double-barrelled gun in his belt and one on his shoulder. Robinson, chief-justice, has thirty rounds of ball cartridge belted around his loyal periphery; Strachan, red-faced, with his excellent nerves, exhorting the brethren to loyalty; "a motley crowd we were," says Francis; the city hall a dark cavern made dismal by guttering tallow candles; loyalists flustering and buckling on belts, and no trained men available; no militia "on the ground"; but Francis with his two guns and Robinson with his thirty rounds; and the nervous bells pealing out; and the "alarmed populace" put off its sleep by all

this pother, drifting to the City Hall or quaking behind window blinds.

So the night passed: Francis sitting belted and armed in his cavernous city hall, guttering tallow candles flickering in the cold depressing darkness, while loyalist messengers scour hither and thither for help; and the townspeople shiver with anticipation and fear; and Rolph, sick at heart, the revolution having gone off premature, and Mackenzie, out on the hill—sputtering—a very firework of futile rebellion; and leg-weary patriots, stupid with Montgomery's bad whiskey, sprawled in unheroic slumber. So the night passes and the wintry morning dawns; and Upper Canada rises to meet the new day with a revolution on its hands. Francis had wrecked his South American Silver Company; he is laboring earnestly, doing what he can for Canada.

The rebellion, thus begun, lasted for three days—till Thursday, December 7, 1837; and the reason why it lasted so long was because each side feared the other so much that they would not come to grips. There was no deep impulse to "rebel" in these rebels; they were men who a little earlier had been as loud in their protestations of loyalty as the loyalists; the bitter wrongs, the profound sense of outraged justice that makes men embrace homicide and slaughter with grim purpose in liberty's service, were never in this rebellion. It began to crumble at the first mishap; patriots repented of their ardor

when their heels blistered and their rations gave out.

And it descended rapidly to the levels of farce. Francis, to gain time and get his militia assembled sends out messengers to parley with the rebels. And his messengers are Rolph and Baldwin. Baldwin, convinced reformer, but convinced also that rebellion is folly; and Rolph, convinced reformer and convinced rebel, too; in this rebellion up to his neck: these are the emissaries Francis sends out to parley.

In his official despatch to Glenelg Francis does not mention Baldwin or Rolph by name; he says: "On Wednesday I despatched two gentlemen to the rebel leaders to tell them that, before any conflict should take place, I parentally called upon them, as their Governor, to avoid the effusion of human blood." With this "parental" message we may imagine Baldwin and Rolph, full of gloom, steering their horses up Yonge Street to where Mackenzie is going out of his senses in the interest of liberty; and dishevelled and frightened patriots are milling about in confusion, looking for fodder.

Baldwin and Rolph arrive at rebel headquarters and Mackenzie is summoned. Francis says it was on Wednesday he sent them; other records say Tuesday; dates again in confusion. Francis' message, seemingly, is solemnly discussed and a reply is sent back from Mackenzie—we again quote

Francis—"that he would only consent that his demands should be settled by a national convention and he insolently added that he would wait till two o'clock for my answer." "My answer," continues Francis, with his typical theatricalism, "in one word was—'Never'."

Negotiations, obviously, are not doing well. Baldwin and Rolph ride out again to the patriots, whom they meet drifting like shallow water down Yonge Street, and "tell them Francis is defying them." But Rolph takes Mackenzie aside and plots treason: "Muster yourselves, put a good stomach in your enterprise, and as soon as may be follow us into town in strength and seize it." So counsels Rolph, Francis' peace delegate, and he and Baldwin ride back to Toronto. Baldwin, finished with all this turmoil, rides quietly to his house and stays there, having ridden, now, out of this rebellion.

And the patriots are mustering; there are now, indubitably, several hundreds of them gathered in with some sort of intention to rebel, and more are on the march. The colony, indubitably, is "up in arms," is in revolt, and a rebellion of even the most spineless sort is a portent of profound significance. Well-managed rebellions have, in the past, produced dexterous headsmen; ill-managed rebellions, too, not without a certain effect on "constituted and enthroned authority," and this, it most abundantly appears, is an ill-managed rebellion. The patriots

will not follow Rolph into town until they have had their dinner, and when finally they straggle towards Toronto "a half-armed mob without discipline, headed by civilians, having no confidence in themselves or their leaders," they are put to flight and scattered like hares by a few shots from a handful of loyalists led by Sheriff Jarvis. Loyalists no stouter of heart than patriots, firing their loyal volley and immediately "starting back at full speed towards the city." It is Wednesday; night coming on. Patriots throw down their pikes, raise the cry: "We shall all be killed," and "fly in great precipitation."

Mackenzie, having given up everything—fortune, home, liberty, citizenship, for this desperate venture to win Freedom for his country, is behaving like a demented man—"behaving like a lunatic," losing his senses, on the verge of fits; he seizes a torch and with his own hands burns the house of Dr. Horne—"a nest of spies," says Mackenzie's friendly biographer, trying to justify his hero; burnt to gratify a personal spite of Mackenzie's, says unbiased comment. He wants, too, to burn Sheriff Jarvis' house, but is "restrained." Francis, with his empty head has driven this little man out of his wits.

Wednesday night, Rolph, with sinking heart, having awaited in vain the march of the patriot army, sends a messenger to Mackenzie to enquire why the patriots do not arrive. Mackenzie sends

an answer "in writing." Rolph reads it, this fatal writing, and mounts his horse in haste and departs in haste out of the rebellion and out of Canada to a safer land, "to a place of refuge," in the United States. So Rolph is gone.

On this same Wednesday night Francis gathers his lieutenants and commanders in the house of the Reverend Archdeacon Strachan and holds a council of war. Strachan's broad doric, in imagination, can almost be heard bellowing indignation and loyalty, chiefly indignation; he bellowed with ease, did Strachan, "the bold diocesan of the Church of England," Francis dubs him. Strachan never lacked boldness, and much besides.

Here then are Francis and Strachan and Robinson and McNab and Fitzgibbon and Chisholm and Jarvis—notable Tory loyalists and commanders; and it is decided to attack the rebels on the day following: Thursday. They have hung fire, the whole rebellion has hung fire, since Monday night; but tomorrow, a blow is to be struck for loyalty: the rebellion will be put to its test. And so they decide and go home.

XV.

“**O**N Thursday morning,” writes Francis to Glenelg, “I assembled our forces.” Under the direction of Fitzgibbon, colonel, and clerk of the House of Assembly, a loyal Tory. “The principal body is headed by the Speaker of the Assembly, Col. Allan McNab, the right wing commanded by Col. Sam Jarvis, the left by Col. Wm. Chisholm, assisted by the Hon. Mr. Justice McLean, late Speaker of the House; the two guns by Major Carfrae of the militia artillery.” And at twelve o’clock with bands playing they march out of the town “with an enthusiasm which it would be impossible to describe.” It is plain the forces of loyalty are well supplied with colonels and other titles. Francis and his Tories march out embattled to shoot for their prerogatives; accompanied by Toronto’s “ministers of religion, of various persuasions,” whose “serious, thoughtful, careworn countenances”—(Francis’ pen, when necessary becomes appropriately sentimental)—“accompanied us until we received a few shots . . . Many among them, and especially the bold diocesan of the Church of England, would willingly have continued their

course, but with becoming dignity they deemed it their duty to refrain; and accordingly, giving us their blessing, which I trust no one more reverentially appreciated than myself, they one after another retired."

The bold, strong-nerved, hard-faced, diocesan of the Church of England, Strachan! A little Hildebrand! A fighting cleric! His, and other blessings now sanctify the host of loyalty, dragging their two cannon, bands playing. (Francis, however, omits to mention the music, but others mention it.) On they move, "glittering in the sunshine," winding up the hill to the rebels.

The poor unanointed, unprayed-over, muddy-footed, empty-stomached patriots! What could they do against this sanctified host, blessed by the godly diocesan and his non-conformist colleagues (for the time being). After three days of hunger and chilblains, unkempt, dirty, unshorn, the poor patriots and the rebellion are far gone in dissolution. Even while Francis and his glittering column are approaching there is only confusion among our patriots; they are "still discussing their plans." Old Colonel Van Egmond, a veteran of the great Napoleon, has come to lead them; but there is nothing for Van Egmond or any other leader to lead; the patriotic ranks never were ranks: were, at best, "a half-armed mob," ebbing and flowing, coming and then going home again. "Many who

were on the way, when they found it was all up with the patriots, in order to save themselves, pretended they had come down to assist the government to quell the insurrection." No spine in the thing; flowing about; unstable as water; how could it excel?

Patriots, then, are still making plans—what to do? What to do?—And here is Francis and his colonels, and his bold diocesan, and his glittering column, and his two cannon, come up against them to go violently into the matter. Now, patriots, the hour, finally, is at hand; remember the great patriots of old: Brutus, Oliver and Citizen Marat; quit ye like patriots; death to tyrants; King Charles' head; King Louis' head—both in the basket. Liberty, égalité, Responsible Government.—Two round shot from Francis' cannon go through the roof of patriots' headquarters and patriots "are seen exuding from the door like bees from the little hole of their hive, and then, in search of the honey of safety, flying in all directions into the deep welcome recesses of the forest." So Francis sees them as he sits on his horse and watches the artillery fire.

But the poor patriots, nevertheless, go out and fight. They lie in the shelter of a copse and fire off their rifles; for the space of an hour, some say: for the space of twenty minutes, say others. But they are driven out. "Never," declaims Mackenzie in his florid and unreliable rhetoric, "did men fight

more courageously. In the face of a heavy fire of grape and canister, with broadside following broadside—(two cannon)—in steady and rapid succession, they stood their ground firmly, and killed and wounded a large number of the enemy; but were at length compelled to retreat.” Whom they killed in “large numbers” is rather obscure, but that they “retreated” is to state the fact kindly. They, really, dispersed like a vapor and were seen no more; the rebellion had gone up like the baseless fabric of a dream and left a few sad scraps behind; and that was all.

Mackenzie, says his biographer, remained on the scene of action till the last moment. “So unwilling was he to leave the field of battle and so hot the chase after him that he distanced the enemy’s horsemen only thirty or forty yards by his superior knowledge of the country, and reached Colonel Lount (later hanged) and our friends on the retreat just in time to save his neck.” Riding swiftly, on borrowed horses, he too rides out of the rebellion in Upper Canada, by horse and rowboat to the United States. Rebellion is shattered out of being; patriots fled, dispersed, captured. Francis and his host of loyalty remain victors on the field and burn down “as an act of stern vengeance” Montgomery’s Tavern and the House of Mr. Gibson. So Francis, having had his victory, having by force of arms driven Responsible Government from the colony, performs his act of vengeance and rides home.

XVI.

WHEN Mackenzie galloped out of it this Upper Canada rebellion may be said to have ceased. Some details remain, of little import: Francis burned down a house or two; seized a portmanteau of rebel "papers"; wrote a few enormous pieces of bombast to Glenelg—despatches Nos. 132 and 11; pardoned in his most superior style a few captured rebels; frightened Bidwell out of the country; and conducted a campaign against the patriots who had taken refuge in the United States and were agitating for liberty from their Republican asylum.

But all this was merely the expiring puffs of the storm; the thing ended when the patriot rebels were routed on Yonge St, Toronto, on December 7, 1837, which was a Thursday. Lount and Matthews were hanged on April 12, 1838, but their demise does not come into Francis' record; he had by that time left Canada "for ever," and Lount and Matthews were dealt with by his successor, Arthur, and the judges of the Family Compact. Lount and Matthews had their necks stretched for Responsible Government; gave their necks for it, than which no man could give more.

This rebellion lacked much; was composed chiefly of error and bad management; but it was for no mean or sordid cause. "Responsible Government," hitherto a mere political phrase, now that men have gathered in arms for it, and have been driven into exile for it, and ruined and broken for it, and hanged to death for it, becomes a very Medusa head to those who oppose it. This poor spineless rebellion, shot into vacuity in twenty minutes of gun-firing, was at least a "deed"; and potent and sharp enough to cleave the smother of talk in which "the rights of man" in Upper Canada were being choked. These rebel gunshots cleared the ministerial mind in England; the valuable and interesting colony was spitting flame and lead. Francis thought he had won a great victory. He really, by his genius for doing the wrong thing, produced a violent clearing of the whole ground upon which the government of the province stood, and prepared the way for Lord Durham and the succession of adjustments which finally established "Responsible Government" as the constitutional form of the Dominion of Canada.

But Francis went home to England, there to dangle neglected for a brief season in the ante-rooms of Melbourne and Glenelg; Melbourne refusing to receive him and listen to his story; ministers having little use for ex-governors whose policy bears fruit in revolutions. Francis protests in vain; be-

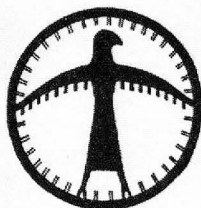
takes himself again to his ink pot and writes his "Narrative," to which we are, at this date, much indebted, Francis having the knack of writing. He disappears out of the world of affairs. Retires with various honors; and, well-preserved, erect, he rides his horse straight to hounds until he is seventy-five. "Gallop Head." He comes into Canada's story on horseback; let him go out, also on horseback, erect, with handsome, shallow, patrician face, careering over England, seventy-five years old, after a fox and a pack of hounds. The strangest personality, surely, that ever involved itself in the high affairs of Canada. He died when he was eighty-two.

A NOTE ON THE TYPE IN
WHICH THIS BOOK IS SET

The type-face which has been used in the composition of this book is Monotype No. 20A, commonly known as "Century Expanded" and occasionally as "Harris Roman". It is a stronger face than the old style type, being proportionately larger in face and may be classed as a transitional letter between "old style" and "modern". It is a versatile type, is extremely legible and conveys little or no eye-strain.

SET UP AND PRINTED BY THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHERS,
LIMITED, OTTAWA, CANADA. - PAPER IS DOVE-
DOWN FEATHERWEIGHT MANUFACTURED BY
THE PROVINCIAL PAPER MILLS LIMITED
AT MILLE ROCHES, ONT. - COVER
DESIGN BY ALAN B. BEDDOE.





OTHER GRAPHIC BOOKS

THE LAND OF AFTERNOON

\$2 GILBERT KNOX \$2

A Satire on Politics and Society

PATTERING FEET \$1.50

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

A volume of Canadian Childhood Verse.

PLAIN FOLKS \$1.50

FRANCIS CECIL WHITEHOUSE

A Cross-Section of Life from a Real Canadian Prairie Town.

POTEEN \$1.75

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

A Splendid Offering of Canadian Essays.

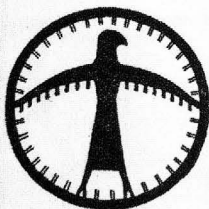
OTHER GRAPHIC BOOKS

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS
\$2 WILSON MACDONALD \$2
Poems by Canada's Greatest Poet

SHACKLES \$2.00
MADGE MACBETH
*A novel dealing with Women's Revolt
against the Shackles of To-day.*

NEW FURROWS \$2.00
FLOS JEWELL WILLIAMS
*A Story of a Belgian Immigrant Girl
in the Alberta Foothills.*

THE LONG DAY \$2.00
W. S. DILL
*Reminiscences of the Yukon in the
"Rush Days" that will give a laugh.*



814
R6 52

LTD. CIRCUL

6 DAYS
Roberton

0942

The fighting bishop

ADULTS ONLY

CLOSED SAVING

ADULTS ONLY

LTD. CIRCUL.

6 DAYS

0942

The fighting bishop

CLOSED SHELVES

Date Due

[illegible]